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Designed by Earle W. Newton

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Linoleum Cuts by John C. Mitchell

Cartoons by Earle W. Newton

"OLD TINSIDES"

(With apologies to Old Ironsides)

By Earle W. Newton

Aye, tear her battered sides apart!
Long has she run "in high,"
And many a man has laughed to see
That Ford a'passing by.

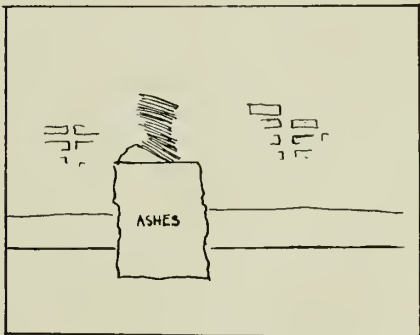
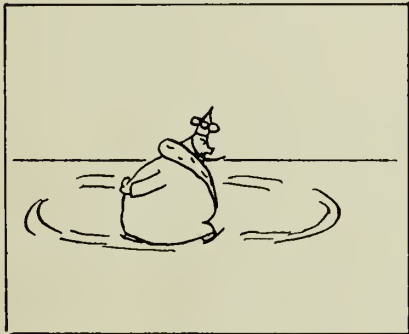
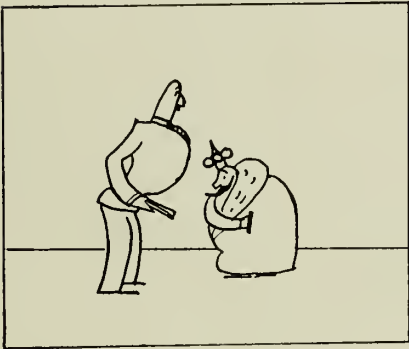
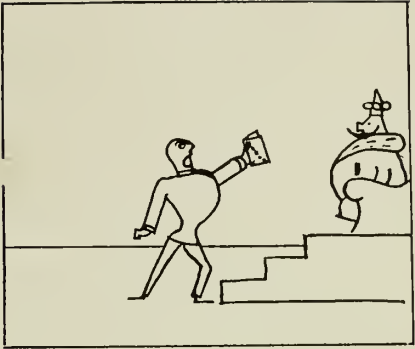
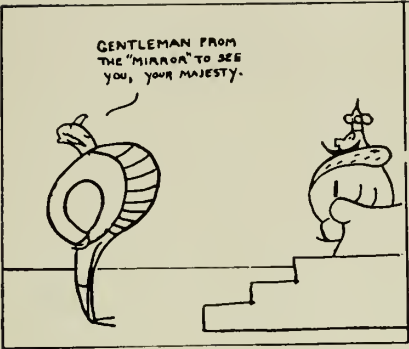
Beneath her rang mechanics' shouts
And burst the engine's roar;
This racer of the New York roads
Shall tear the ways no more.

Her seats once ran with garagemen's grease
Where knelt the working "mech";
But now she lies in stately peace,
Abiding as a wreck.

No more shall feel the colleagues tread,
Or know the bulky loads;
The junkmen of the streets shall pluck
The rattler of the roads.

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should fall upon the road;
Her thunder shake the mighty way,
Her seed of service sowed.

Nail to the rear her license plate!
Set every throbbing part,
And give her to the god of cars,
This limousine, this cart!



Apologies to Soglow

"IT'S A GREAT SCHOOL"

By Wells Lewis

"**W**HAT, Cider? No, thanks. Really. No. No, thank you. Well...just a little bit then. Whoa! Whoa! That's more than enough. I'm too full now anyway. Yeah. Three steaks, two big plates of potatoes, some beans, and four ice creams.

"I'll say. Boy, you're right there. It's the lousiest food I've ever seen. I wouldn't give it to my dog. That meat...I certainly am glad I can't see where that meat came from. It's the foulest stuff. And the vegetables...! Why, when I saw that food tonight I wanted to scam out of that place right then.

"Hey, that's pretty good! 95 in Trig. I never could get that stuff. Yeah, I flunked last term. I just don't seem to catch onto the way Mr.— teaches the stuff. He just stands up there all day and bulls and draws on the board. But boy, he's nothing compared to the guy I had last year in Geometry! He was foul. Absolutely foul. The way he could pile on the homework was nobody's business. And with the bunch of dicks in our house I never could get the work done. What? I'm a big dick? You should talk!

"Well, I gotta be going. I've got a theme to write. Four pages. Yeah. By tomorrow. Not that there's any use writing the thing anyway. He'll flunk me just the same. He doesn't like anything I do. That guy gripes me. Then there's my French. I won't have to bother much about that, though. He won't call on me tomorrow, because he called on me last today. Anyhow, he'll spend most of the hour with some of those wet cracks of his. Some of the ones he pulls are about the foulest... .

"I certainly am tired though. Five times around the track!

I get so sick of running around that lousy track. Yeah. And that guy's got it in for me. He saw me not doing some of those exercises—you know, down, push up, up again, hands sideways, thrust position, and so on—those lousy things—I don't see why we have to do them anyway. But as I was saying, he saw me not doing the stuff—I just stopped for a minute, you know—and the son of a—, yeah, sent me around five times. The way that guy gripes me! I never could see much sense in track anyway, but there isn't anything else to do.

“Some more cider? No! Absolutely no! Hey! where are you going? Well, seeing as you're going to put the stuff away, I might as well have a little bit more. Yeah. That's fine. That's swell. Thanks a lot. No, no more. What? There isn't any more left anyway? Oh. Well, now you won't have to put the stuff away.

“No, I didn't go to see it. Was it good? Hm. . . . Well, personally, I can't see much in all that stuff anyway. Of course, I guess it's all right, in some ways, but I never could get to like it. Now if they only played some hot stuff it'd be O. K. Yeah. Something good. I can't stand that classical stuff. My aunt has a lot of records like that at home, and she plays it on the vic all the time. It gripes me.

“I wonder how much they pay those guys anyway? What? Oh yeah? You must be fooling. What a waste of money! That's the trouble around here. They waste more money. Take the Art Gallery, for instance. I don't see why they don't spend the money for something good. What for? Oh, I don't know. A ski jump, or something. Something good anyhow.

“What's that you're reading there? Oh. For English, eh? What? For pleasure? Hm—. You know it's funny, but I never could get much out of reading anyhow. All I ever read much of is *Ballyhoo* and *Hooey* and all that. And the *Saturday Evening Post*. And the *New Yorker*, sometimes. Though half the time I don't know what they're driving at. Some of those cracks don't seem to

have any point about them at all. The main thing I don't like, though, is those librarians. Yeah. Especially Miss—. Why the other day I was in the Reference Room and I was talking to the guy next to me, just a little bit, you know, and soft, when all of a sudden, Miss— comes up and tells me to get out. Was I ever mad. She gripes me. That's one of the main reasons I never go into the Library. Except for English.

"Well, I gotta be going. The bell's going to ring in a few minutes. No, I can't get an excuse. Mr.— won't give out any except on Fridays and Saturdays. That's the big thing I have against this place. Too many restrictions. Always something.

"You're going home this week-end? I was away last week-end myself. Went home on Saturday, and then on Sunday we went over to St. Matthew's to see my cousin. He goes there—the dumb cluck! That's a foul place. I told him, 'Why don't you come to a good school for a change?' He ought to come here.

"What's that? Yeah. You're right. This certainly is a great school. A swell school. Then what have I been complaining about? Me? *Complaining?* Aw, you're nuts! Well, there goes the bell. I gotta go. Thanks for the cider. So long."

FAST HORSE

By Earle W. Newton

A GLOWING southern sun blazed down upon autumn trees which seemed to derive their ruddy flush from the ardency of its rays. Under its beams even the water in Hector Alexander's smoothly brushed hair seemed to take on the sheen of grease, intensifying his appearance of fastidious neatness. Even his mien betrayed the nicety of his character, for, as he conversed over the crude rail fence with the tow-headed, overall-clad youth on the other side, he did not permit his immaculate riding breeches to touch the rough-hewn wood; rather he stood, his weight on one foot, by the side of a black stallion champing the sere grasses at his feet. His companion had no such compunctions, and sat, knee up, on the top rail.

"How are your horses coming along this fall, Nate?" The dapper youth stroked the burnished surface of his mount's shapely neck.

"Fairly well, Hec, but we ain't been able to quite keep up to the methods you-all brought daown from the north," was the reply, couched in a typical southern drawl. "We've a likely looking gelding we're thinking of sending over into Kaintuck, tho."

"I don't think there'll be much doing in horses this year, Nate; not with the slave situation the way it is now. They even say that if Lincoln is elected this state will secede from the union."

"Daon't bother me a bit. I'll wait till it comes. In the meantime, the guv'nor's keeping me plenty busy with that pet juvenile of his." Nate's eyes twinkled as he mouthed his next comment, for he knew Hector's weak spot. "Isn't that horse of yours somewhat of a roarer*?"

*Breeder's name for a wheezy horse.

Hector Alexander flushed. He was extremely sensitive to any criticism of his beloved beasts, especially the steed which so majestically stood by his side.

"Confound it! Can't I ever talk to you without your making some sort of a dirty crack?" He mounted into his stirrups, and, reigning up, galloped away.

The other watched him with a smile on his lips, then drawing his hand through a thick shock of straw-hued hair, jumped down from his perch and sauntered off across the expansive meadow, a blade of grass between his teeth. Several weeks afterward Nate read of the departure of his friend for Washington.

Hector Alexander Dewald was the son of an influential Republican politician in the capital. He had gone through West Point, and upon graduation, for lack of anything else to occupy his attention, he became interested in horse raising and breeding, a hobby which quickly developed into a passion. Coming down into South Carolina, he had established stables close to Colonel Nathaniel Lee, Sr.'s, own. Lee had for years raised the cream of the Carolinian horses, every one of them razor sharp. But Dewald had hired the best of trainers and had built luxurious stables; he had even bought Lee's prize thoroughbred to act as a progenitor for a "superior line of number horses." He became well known around the countryside, and although Colonel Lee could not forget the measure which had started him off, his only son, Nate, had been able to strike up a close acquaintance with the newcomer and had found him an eminently agreeable and hearty companion. Very neat, painstaking almost to absurdity in his personal attire, and possessed of an irritable temper which was given to sudden outbursts of wrath, he did not attract friends to him at sight. The southern lad had nevertheless managed to fetch forth from beneath the hard leathern riding coat a genial and companionable nature.

* * * * *

To a stranger, Washington in the early days of '61 was a madhouse. On all sides preparations for war were to be seen. Heavy cannon clattered down the cobble pavements behind gay regiments of new recruits, cheering and shouting, "On to Richmond!" On

they went, and were crushed by an experienced Southern army under Robert E. Lee. Back they came, discouraged, disallusioned, and weary of war before actual heavy conflict had begun. In the following hectic days great shakeups occurred in the staff, and Hector Alexander found himself, partly through the political influence of his father, and partly from his own reputation for courage and judgment, a major in command of a troop of cavalry.

The war progressed quite irregularly for the Federal armies, and it was not until 1863 that the tide seemed definitely turning toward the Union cause. In the meantime Dewald was shifted from command to command. He finally found himself, in the early part of 1863, in charge of a cavalry unit under Rosencrans, near Chattanooga, Tennessee. After the disastrous battle at Chickamauga Creek, saved only by the unparalleled courage of General Thomas, Rosencrans found himself virtually bottled up at Chattanooga, with his communications almost completely cut off. At length a supply train was dispatched to him under heavy cavalry and infantry escort.

The relief in camp upon the news of the projected aid was tremendous. The Bluecoats were becoming discouraged by the seeming incompetency of their commander, and they had for the first time begun to realize the hardships of curtailed rations. Hector Alexander was sitting complacently in his tent, satisfied with the assurance of additional provisions for his detachment. Beside him sprawled his immediate superior, General E. M. McCook.

"Dewald, the old man is not just agreeable over my retreat at Chickamauga. And now he has ordered me to take my entire command and go out to meet the wagon train as it comes in. I can't do it; it would leave this entire sector unprotected. Wheeler would be on the heights in two shakes of a lamb's tail. In fact, let me tell you, that's just what he's waiting for,—some rash move on our part. And I'm not going to be the one to make it."

Hector Alexander smiled beneath the cover of his broad-brimmed major's felt, for he knew of McCook's Chickamauga "retreat," which had been in reality a disorganized, headlong rush for the security of Chattanooga. His reply was interrupted, however, by the hasty and undignified entrance of a perspiring and breathless messenger.

"General McCook, sir! Wheeler has moved his forces bodily and attacked the wagon train!" His speech was poured into the alarmed ears of the Federal commander, who arose from his ungainly position in agitation.

"Damn that fox!" he snarled between clenched teeth, quite melodramatically,—as fitted him, thought his subordinate officer,—
"Dewald! Get your detachment ready and notify Scott and Williams. We're going down to get Wheeler!"

Within a few brief moments the entire cavalry force was in the saddle, and at a signal from their general, dashed forward. The smoke of the burning train, as it rose in columns high above the thick forest surrounding, acted as their guide. Fifteen minutes later they reined up on the bluffs overlooking the trail. Below, spread for several miles along the muddy highway, were the smoking wagons and dead mules. What most attracted McCook's attention was, nevertheless, the sight of the retiring Confederate cavalry men. One division only was yet among the ruins of the train, firing the wagons and killing the struggling beasts of burden, by now frightened nearly to madness. It had evidently been left to finish the work while the main column escaped, and, then, a small force, to find its way to safety within the southern lines.

McCook turned to his officers.

"Major Dewald! You will take your detachment down there and capture those rebels. The rest of you come with me. We'll circle around the heights and cut Wheeler off before he reaches Bragg's main body."

Hector Alexander lost no time in carrying out his instructions, believing he had the Confederates in a trap. As he thundered downward, in dismay he noted them slipping through his fingers in the direction of the retiring main column. Only one,—his uniform showed him to be the captain in charge,—remained in the rear to urge his troopers to haste. Dewald sent men around to the right in hopes of capturing him; for some reason he was delaying down there. Then he suddenly turned and headed into the brush bordering the hill. In dismay H. A. saw him urge his horse with amazing agility up the side of the hill. As the Union troopers reached the

smouldering cinders, they saw him attain the top, turn, and raise his hat, swinging it in the air in mockery. Their commander did not see this, for his attention was riveted upon a sheet of paper pinned to the side of an over-turned cart. He snatched it up and gulped in its message.

"Major Hector Alexander Dewald," it read, "you obviously need a better horse."

The muscles of its recipient's face twitched as the blood rushed to his already red countenance, and he clenched his hands tightly over the reins as though to break them. His chest rose and fell as the air was sucked in and forced out in his extreme irascibility. He moved his lips, as if to frame words, but no sound issued from their dry compression. It was the Dewald temper, for which he was so well known. He crumpled the sheet within his fist, and dashed it to the ground. It was not the first he had received; at Chickamauga a duplicate of this had been delivered to him from the hands of a captive Confederate, as he, retiring in haste, bravely held up the rear of General McCook's headlong retreat. Jerking his reins to the left he turned, his disappointed and somewhat puzzled men trailing behind him.

* * * * *

Alarmed at Rosencrans's position, Lincoln sent Sherman and Grant to aid him. The Southerners were forced backwards, and when Grant left to take command in the east, Sherman captured Atlanta. Portions of the Confederate army fled, some home, believing the war over, and others to Savannah to aid Hardee, who was situated there with a mere 15,000 men. Then Sherman began his famous and destructive march through the heart of Georgia to the sea. Confronted by the huge Union army, Hardee, not desiring to get himself bottled up there, evacuated Savannah. On Christmas Eve, 1864, Abraham Lincoln was surprised to receive a message from Sherman presenting him with the entire city of Savannah as a Yuletide gift.

Comfortably ensconced, no longer in a leaking, billowing tent, but in the finest quarters Savannah could afford, Hector Alexander was content for the first time since he left his beloved stables. The

war was as good as over, he reflected, and it would not be long before he might again return to South Carolina and his horses. Suddenly he was shocked from his pleasant reveries by a sharp knock on the door. Upon permission, a blue-clad soldier entered, clicked his iron-shod shoes together, and saluted.

“Major Dewald, sir. Orders from General Sherman.”

Hector Alexander reached for the long official envelope, and motioning the messenger to leave, perused its contents with a scowl. Briefly, almost brusquely, he was ordered to take his detachment of riders into the Georgia hills and blot out a small cavalry division which was causing much annoyance to the Union supply trains. With a grunt he rose from his comfortable chair and left the room, closing the door behind him with slightly more than customary vehemence.

For days he scoured the north Georgia hills, following rumor even up into Southern Carolina. In fact it was not far from the site of his stables that, on a dusky southern evening, he at last caught sight of the campfires of his elusive quarry. The following morning found his comparatively large force entirely surrounding the small hollow in which the Confederates had encamped for the night. The southern commander evidently saw the hopelessness of his position, for early the next morning a rider bearing a white handkerchief approached the spot where the Union major sat regally on his magnificent, coal-black stallion, his favorite,—he had used no other throughout the entire war. He received the messenger in silence, and taking the proffered missive, he meaningly slit it open with his sabre. As his eyes followed the few lines it contained, his face at first seemed about to redden; then the grim line of his lips broke and spread into a broad smile. The paper fluttered from his hand as he looked off into space. The scout, curious, picked up the soiled sheet and scanned it, but its last sentence made little sense:

“Major Hector Alexander Dewald.

Accept my unconditional surrender.

Capt. Nathaniel Lee, 3rd. Reg. Carolina Cavalry.

Postscript: I see you have a good horse at last.”

EVENING STAR

By Leroy Finch

A vision of Peace in the sky,
Of Love that Night has wooed,
Of Hope that ne'er can die,
And Faith that time has brewed.

A mystery now as ever,
A question still unsolved,
A spirit wrapped in silver,
God in white evolved.

SUMMER SHOWER

By R. Park Breck

The heat is oppressive, and the sky suggestive of an impending storm.

Men look up, walk quicker, as the clouds grow thicker and now darken the sun.

Now many congregate in doorways and await the rain, as the first drops patter on their hat brims, and thunder in the heavens is heard in the distance. The heat lightning flashes and the thunder crashes; tall trees sway in the wind. And earth welcomes the rain, cooling her parched frame, a hand on a flush'd brow.

Children shout joyfully, sail boats in the street and crow with glee, splashing in a puddle which increases,—but now the rain ceases as quickly as it came.

The sun comes out once more, and the earth, which before was dusty and torrid, sparkles with tiny drops of silver. From the shops stream the waiting people.

LOST HERITAGE

By Yancey

Dead!
In the life of today
Is love.
Killed by Reality,
Shatterer of Illusion.
Once we lived,
Once we loved;
Today
We exist.

Gone!
Age of Romance,
The kiss of yesterday,
Exquisite caress of abstemious delight.

Machine!
The seed of reality,
Nourished
By the milk of greed,
Shaken by speed,
Has soured.

Drunk!
The disinherited children of beauty,
Inebriated
By the impersonator of the Beautiful,
The inanimate satirist of life—
Money.





Parentally unapproved suitor: At last things are beginning to come my way.

THE SONG OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

By Wells Lewis

Pythagoras:

The Wonders of this sphere,
Which stupid souls revere,
Are scarcely to be thought about at all.
Its definition's proved,
When freed from platitude,
Without a drop of bloodshed or of gall.

It came across my path,
When stretched out in my bath,
That sweet abode of truths that never vex;
It really is so plain
I won't repeat again,
That Kosmos whirls around the letter "x."

Chorus:

Oh! We are with knowledge imbued,
Protected from all that is crude.
Though the rent 's in arrears,
We can bisect the spheres,
Sagacious when sober or stewed.

Plato:

My staple philosophical ruse
Depends upon being obstruse;
My words aloof
Are ample proof
That laws divine
Comply with mine.

Behold the universal decree,
That Jove appears in you and in me;
Though I confess,
 That I possess
 The greater part
 Of nature's heart.

Chorus:

Oh! We are with knowledge imbued,
Protected from all that is crude.
Though the rent 's in arrears,
We can bisect the spheres,
Sagacious when sober or stewed.

Diogenes:

Rub-a-dub-dub,
The world from a tub
Assumes a most horrible hue.
The powers that be,
When viewed by a flea,
Incite a desire to spew.

A glance at the sky
Will cause me to cry;
Its face is so dreadfully clear;
I rush to the street
To look for clay feet,
And everything nasty and drear.

I wake with the cramp,
Go forth with my lamp,
Assured that all humans will lie.
But should I once trace
An honest man's face,
That day I must certainly die.

Chorus:

Oh! We are with knowledge imbued,
Protected from all that is crude.
Though the rent 's in arrears,
We can bisect the spheres,
Sagacious when sober or stewed.

PARTY FLOWER

Anonymous

Bright were the lights on the party night,
Bright were the eyes that shone,
Bright was the lawn till the break of dawn,
But a flower was all alone.

Thoughts were gay with the men at play,
And gay were the women, too,
But a flower lay there in the sultry air,
Lay till the fall of dew.

Lights that flicker, flicker and fall,
Go out at the end of the ball,
But the wall flower flowered in all its beauty,
As the day began to fall.



THE RIVER BY NIGHT

By Wells Lewis

A LONG the road the only light to be seen came from two streaky lamps, raised above the river wall, and from the luminous stripes, seemingly painted on the oily water. The air was damp, hot, strangling. The pea-soup fog billowed up from the steaming sidewalk. Now and then a sharp whistle sprang from the river, as a dripping tugboat bumped along the river's edge. The low, romantic boom of the fog horn from some liner sounded faintly, as though from another world.

Tied to one of the slimy piers was a low, blackened house-boat. At regular intervals, it banged into the rotting post between it and the stones. Each time the post uttered a hopeless sigh and pushed the boat away again with despairing strength.

Inside the cabin, five men were playing poker. Every time the boat bumped into the post, some grease dropped down from the candle tied to the roof, falling at last onto the back of one of the men. The man cursed softly; but he did not move. After a while, the one next to him threw down his cards.

"My God, what a night!" he said.

"Yeah," said another. "Make it two bits." A round was dealt.

"Guess I'll get a little air."

"Um. Make it fifty."

"Be back in a minute."

He went out, ducking his head to avoid the low door top. The boat bumped into the pier. "Damn!" said the one under the lamp.

Outside, the man stretched his arms to the sky, and yawned. Near the side of the boat, the water gave a little "bloop." The man leaned over curiously. As he watched the widening rings, a voice leaped out of the night behind him.

"Nasty night, ain't it?"

The man whirled around and peered into the darkness.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Who are you?"

A man in oil skins stepped onto the deck. He was smoking a pipe.

"It's a nasty night, I said," repeated the stranger.

"Yeah," answered the other apathetically, peering into the mist. After a moment he turned back, and said more warmly, "You know, night like this, it kind of gets you thinking."

"That's so," answered the stranger, "it kind of does."

There was a pause. The boat banged into the pier. The boatman, used to this habit, instinctively braced himself, but the stranger, leaning forwards somewhat, was caught off his balance. By clutching the side of the cabin, he kept himself from falling. Nevertheless, a bulging brown wallet fell from the loose upper pocket of his coat. The sharp eyes of the boatman saw it fall. He picked it up and handed it back to the stranger. As he did so, he did not fail to notice the verdant gleam of bills that lay between its rusty folds. The stranger put it back in his pocket.

"Thanks," he said. "Well, I guess I've got to be going."

"Wait a moment," said the boatman. "Ain't no hurry. Have a drink?"

"Drink? No thanks."

"Smoke?"

"No, no. I've got my pipe, you see." The stranger laughed nervously.

The boatman went on hurriedly. "As you say,—or was it me? Well, anyhow,—about the river setting you thinking; why it was just the other day I was saying to Joe,—that's my boss you know,—well, I said to Joe----"

He continued with a long, meaningless tale of unrelated events. The stranger, torn between politeness and a desire to get safely away, paid little attention. At last the boatman paused for breath. The stranger seized his opportunity.

"I really got to be going. G'night." Without waiting for protestations, he jumped onto the pier, and hurried off into the darkness.

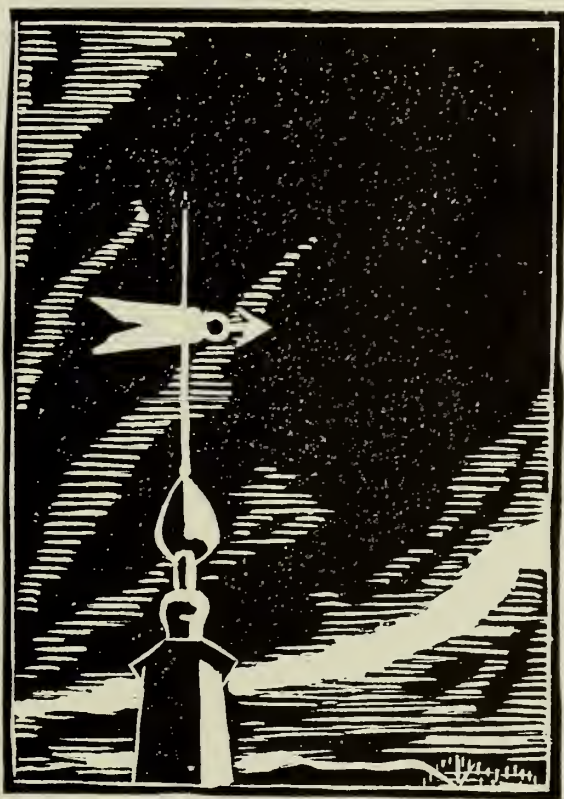
The boatman paused, astonished at first. Then a look of annoyance passed over his face. For a moment he hesitated, then jumped ashore and ran off after the stranger.

There was silence, broken only by the monotonous bump of the boat, colliding with the pier. Suddenly through the fog a muffled scream arose. Then a splash. Both died away.

In five or six minutes, the boatman returned to the pier, whistling cheerfully. As he jumped aboard, he shoved something into his pocket. Then he ducked into the cabin.

"Deal me a hand, kid," he said, and sat down.

The boat lurched. "Damn!" said the man under the lamp.



LA PATRIE

By Robert S. Reigeluth

AUGUST was wet, so that now the entire countryside wallowed in a sea of yellow mud. Nor was today any exception to the run of miserable weather. Rain, driving in fitful, wild gusts, from the sombre blackness of the east which hadn't seemed to clear since nineteen fourteen, when all that damnable business of the war began, had made all field work for the day impossible. Now the trench held scores of idle soldiers passing the hours of the afternoon in sleeping.

Despite this inactivity in the trench, officers of the Allied intelligence bureau held an important conference. How could they secure information on the movements of the German forces? Finally the meeting came to an end as a young sergeant arose, saluted and, with the words, "La Patrie," left the room. He, Pierre Janot, had volunteered his services. After all was this not better for him than to remain, cramped up in the vermin ridden trench? True, there was a chance that he would lose his life, but even this would be better than lying here, rotting here, dying here,—doing nothing.

Time there still was before Pierre was to leave,—only an hour, yes, but one hour's peace in all this turbulent hell of bloodshed and death seemed like something entirely outside his world. Taking advantage of the recess, Pierre made his way through the trench until he came to a dry spot. Here he lay down to sleep. Regularly a sentry passed him by or tripped over his huddled form. Shells passed overhead with a dull whine or with a terrific explosion screamed into the ground nearby. Stretchers came and went as the barrage continued to take its toll of helpless scores. Rats, vicious and fearless, ran over him. What an absurd thing this whole busi-

ness was! Mud, rats, and death! Propping himself up on one elbow, Pierre gave up sleep and prepared to spend the rest of the afternoon smoking. His thoughts wandered aimlessly from varied subjects as he raised and lowered his cigarette. Finally he was once more thinking of that day four years ago when he and his brother had had that impetuous argument ending in their separation. How many times Pierre had cursed himself for that day! The entire episode was most unfortunate. Pierre, too young to go away to college, had remained home while Anton, his brother, went off to the University of Heidelberg. Then the war came. Pierre enlisted. But no word of Anton. Finally to climax all, news came back that Anton, imbued by the German spirit, had enlisted in the Hun army. Even now he was probably looking from his machine gun nest for some unsuspecting French quarry.

Darkness had settled in, so that the place where Pierre lay was marked only by the rising and falling glow of a cigarette. Presently this too disappeared. Darkness — then the silhouette of a soldier appeared against the sky at the brink of the trench. It paused, looked back, and vanished in the black depths of the night. Silence followed, interrupted only by the faint sound of some living thing working its way through the mud of No Man's Land. At length this too ceased, and the world seemed wrapped in sleep. A hoarse whisper broke through the night, "God, the Frenchie's gone."

How much time had passed no one knew. But with the increasing light of the German flares the suspense of the silent watchers in the trench arose. At last, as though every horrible and awesome sound had been pent up by that electrifying period of silence, a weird cry arose, long and terrible: "Blimey, look out there." Far out in that distorted waste a flare had burst, outlining a figure against its brilliance. At the same time a machine gun spoke in its sharp staccato. The silhouette rose to its full height, lifted an arm, and sank out of sight into the night. Darkness dropped a curtain on the remaining drama of that night, but more followed

beyond the veil of obscurity than those in the trench will ever know.

From a German machine gun nest a gray clad figure wormed its way to the spot where the young Frenchman lay. He had gone only a short distance when he came to the huddled, bleeding form, —just another Frenchie to identify. Another flare burst close to the two men, casting a brilliant light over both. The flare died, but still neither man moved; one was dead,—nothing but a torn and bloody corpse; the other, alive, was staring in fascinated horror at the Frenchman. Minutes passed by, and still the German stared at the figure on the ground. Only his half-audible whisper, repeated again and again, betrayed any vestige of life in his motionless body: “Pierre, oh Pierre!”

At last Anton arose and stood at attention for a moment, murmuring, “My Country and My God!”, then with a shrug of his shoulders he returned to the machine gun nest, dragging with him just another Frenchie.



FINIS



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EDITORIAL

To all Andover:

It has become a choice custom in Andover to denounce *The Mirror*. In fact no "prep" feels completely oriented until he has turned down a *Mirror* canvasser with "Get sucked in on that? Nothing doing." But, as a matter of fact, our best support comes from the old fellows who have seen *The Mirror* appear year after year.

Whether *The Mirror* is bad or good is to a great extent a matter of personal taste. The school has asked for humor. Hence, departing from the customary policy, we have attempted to liven up the magazine somewhat by this means. Essentially, however, *The Mirror* is a literary publication. It has no right to become a *Lampoon* or a *Record*. It is well enough for a new magazine to take up

this side of Andover publication, seemingly so lacking, but *The Mirror* should remain basically literary.

But, inasmuch as the student body supports it, there is no reason why the policy should not be altered at least somewhat, to conform to their requests. Hence the literary gentleman will be shocked to find this issue what may seem to him a somewhat garbled mixing of comedy and tragedy. He will be more shocked to learn that the winter issue will be, if the student body supports it, and if the editors receive any witty contributions, almost wholly a number of humor. He may, however, feel compensated by the fact that the spring issue will consist of a selection from the cream of the entire year's literary work, thus giving a wider range within which to gather material worthy of publication.

It is unfortunate that the literary portion of the school must remain partly dependent, for the publication of its magazine, upon the support of the unliterary portion. There are but two ways out: either its subscription price must be raised immeasurably so that a very few purchasers may be adequate to support the issue, or its format may be changed so that it may conform to the likes and dislikes of the major part of the school. It is no reflection upon the larger portion to be termed unliterary; one has every right to turn his inclinations whatever way he wishes. And feeling satiated with literature from his English courses, he has every right to demand in the publication which he supports whatever he likes. Whence the editors have no alternative, both ethically and financially speaking, to refuse his request.

But in order to do this, *The Mirror* must have humor handed in by contributors. Naturally the editors cannot conjure it from clear air, neither can they conceive it from a tragedy. Also, the reproduction of cartoons entails enormous expense, which cannot be undergone without a coffer teeming with subscriptions.

Whereupon, gentlemen, the fate of a humorous winter issue of *The Mirror* lies with you, in subscription and contribution.

THE EDITOR

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RHAPSODY IN BLACK

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PARTY

By K. G. GUY

Invitation
consternation
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decoration
reservation

Transportation
ovation

Appellation
commendation
admiration

Syncopation
fascination
animation
extra ration
ejaculation

Aspiration
constellation
flirtation
temptation

Recitation
revelation
apprehension
exultation
termination

Retrospection
satisfaction

FIVE DOLLARS

BY ALEXANDER B. ADAMS

OUTSIDE the windows the black walls of the subway tunnel passed with only an occasional flash of light. The noise of the wheels beat against the ears of the two men as they sat there, looking at each other. The one on the left, dirty, unshaven, had gotten aboard in an attempt to find some place warmer than it was outside. The other, sitting up straight, trying to keep from bending the unaccustomed stiff shirt, was returning from a party at a friend's.

Despite the fact he hadn't wanted to go, it had been fun. Sybill certainly knew how to manage a gathering. Yes, sir, if Sybill had had the chance, she would have become one of New York's leading hostesses. Yes, sir, right up at the top, entertaining at the Ritz and the Casino; but of course Sybill had never had the chance. As the daughter of a grocery man she naturally wouldn't. A good dinner,—and say, wasn't Sybill's husband funny. The way he imitated Mr. Whitlock down at the office!—why, he even had the same frown. With someone to back him he would be a great hit on the stage. Amateur night at the local movie theatre was as far as he had gotten, though there hadn't been any big producer there to see him, as there should have been. There was no doubt about it, it had been a good evening. One trouble though,—he wished that bum across the aisle would stop looking at him that way. These unemployed,—they were always turning up to make you feel that you had no right to be comfortable and well fed. Say, if he gave the fellow a little money, maybe that would fix up his conscience. Then he remembered he had only a five dollar bill, and that was certainly too much. Yes, sir, that was too darned much. Well, the fellow across the aisle would only spend it on liquor anyway.

The bum started to rub his hands together. It was warm in here. A mighty good thing that the law made them keep the cars warm. It gave lots of men a place to sleep for a nickel. Sometimes they even let you stay in the station, where you could lie down on

a bench for nothing. Wonder what it would be like to have a home and a nice bed to go to at night. That fellow in the evening clothes there,—he never had to worry. Look at him. It must be strange to be like that, to be able to put your hand in your pocket and bring it out with money. You know,—that man there must have some money with him. He wouldn't be going out all dressed up if he didn't. Let's see. His clothes look good, but no—there's a crack in his shoe. Not good for much more than five dollars. Five dollars. That meant food for about a week and a half, with a bed too. He glanced around the car. The two of them were alone. Of course he could ask for a hand-out, but there wasn't much chance of a fellow like that giving you anything. Probably just a long lecture on how to work your way to success. Nevertheless, he didn't like to steal from a person. He had gone this far without committing a crime, and he didn't like to start now. Was it a crime, though, to get money enough to live, even though you had to steal it? Not from a stiff shirt like that. Let's see. Right after the next station. He could walk over and ask for a cigarette. Then crash! He could get him by the neck and force him to the floor of the car where the guards couldn't see. Pretty crude, but effective.

The train started to slow down gradually. The man in the dinner coat glanced out the window. This ought to be 68th street, his station. Then getting up, he walked over to the middle door. As he stood there, waiting, he noticed the bum getting up too. He didn't know the man was getting ready to block the door, so he couldn't get out; he didn't know the bum's muscles were tightening, ready to spring; that he had forced the bum's hand. While the subway was slowing down, he looked at the little 68's passing by him on the posts of the station. Say, you know that five dollars. He didn't really need it. Supposing he did give it to the man. Sort of a damned fool trick, but he might get a thrill out of it. The preachers always said you did. His hand went into his pocket and came out with the bill.

"Say, fellow," he said impulsively, as the train lurched to a stop, "take this. I don't need it." He didn't see or care about the strange look on the bum's face, and the bum didn't hear him mutter, as he went through the turn-stiles, "Whatever made me do a fool stunt like that?"

The Art Gallery and the Chapel

BY WELLS LEWIS

I

UP the white steps forced between two green hummocks, across a bit of gravel and then up again, to a broad court. At the end, two, three glass doors weighted and rimmed round by bronze, or brass, something very heavy. An easy turn of the handle, a pull, and the warmth of the foyer. Warmth, coming through a white plaster grate, eddying across the marble floor. Warmth and marble. Culture in that. No grandeur. But culture. Smart hat on hook. Smart brown gloves. Famous make on button. Very chic. Oh quite. The coat also on the hook. Rather military, with almost a sword hanging on it. Smart at any rate. Out into the hall.

Clic clic clic across the marble. Clic clic Whistler clic clic clic Winslow Homer clic Arthur B. Davies, blue hills, blue hills and white cattle, clic clic clic clic Rockwell Kent clic "March Sun." A new acquisition. Hm. Courage to paint something like that. Wonderful in gallery, but in your home—

Step back, step forward, crooked finger on chin, hm. Rather good that, you know, almost.

Clic clic clic clic, names names names, I wish they didn't put 'em on pictures. Better no catalogues, better nothing but pictures.

Greece, Rome, statuary. Hah—the Venus de Milo! Hello, Venus! In Mr. Peterkin's classroom I didn't notice you, but now you're statuary. I wonder where that door with the picture hanging on it leads to.

A big room with a skylight and green benches with little piles of catalogues lying on one end of them. More names. Pfui!

No, no, no, mustn't do that. Pick 'em up. Little piles. What would all the ladies say, ladies say, ladies say?

Hah! My feet are tired. What have we here? Eighteenth Century Portraiture.

Lady Hamilton as a Goat.

No—with a Goat.

Romney.

Not a very good one. 'What do I know? Only one I've ever seen. Still, I'm sure it isn't a very good one.

Morland, ah Morland, on Morland. Morland and the Reverend Peters.

My God, Sir Joshua Reynolds! Is it possible? The great Sir Joshua! And not behind glass either. Well, well, well.

Funny little fat man in black and green. Probably Mrs. Siddons's husband. The tragic mouse, this time. Ha ha! Not mine though, borrowed. What's the difference?

II

Somber ding dong bells. Georgian ringing from a steeple. Across the greensward come, they come in twos and threes, bent on worship, bent on culture, or just bent.

How easy it is to be smart!

Rather tiresome, though.

The world sacrificed for a clever sentence.

Let us pray. No, first we have to get up the white steps and take off our coats and hats and take off our rubbers and say how do you do and rustle and slip along and be seated and rustle some more. Then we can pray.

I didn't know that the Durrell string quartet were all women. Why not?

Music, lovely music sweeping swelling over the rows, engulfing, quite engulfing; the tea room of the Mauretania, sweeping sea rolling, played by little sad musicians with beards and glasses and sad eyes. Creaking boards and surreptitious stewards with tea and hot

bovril and soda crackers, and old ladies totting up their extensive travels. Knitting, knit knit knitting, knit knit—tiddle tiddle tum tum. Nothing quite like Mozart.

These seat cushions itch me.

Let not thy thoughts be trivial, even if it does make good reading.

Ah but this is depth, real depth, profundity. I think, perhaps, that the 'cello is the most powerful instrument in the world. Kings ought to have 'cellos on their coats of arms. They ought to hold 'cellos in their hands. Bah! Fate is always filling the sublime with the ridiculous.

We boys gathered here are the aristocracy of the world. Yes. And like most aristocracy, petty, foolish, blind, very very ignorant. Fine art flourishes in spite of us rather than because of us, no matter what the historians say. We defend ourselves by saying "Nerts!"

What's that funny row of little dolls down there? Girls from the girls' school.

3 imitation leopard coats

4 imitation mink coats

5 imitation squirrel coats

12 imitation faces.

Can't see the faces from here. Just a lot of fluff, hair, little hats defying nature and gravitation. Not gallant. Just foolish. Our future better halves. Hah!

Let's all get up and murmur and troop down the aisles and have supper.

The music was good though,—not good, beautiful.

LAY ON, McDUFF

BY C. W. M. AND E. W. N.

MCDUFF was flat on his back. McDuff had been that way, it seemed, ever since he could remember. Of course, it wasn't that long, but it seemed so to McDuff.

Then the nurse came in. She was rather pretty, he thought,—hadn't noticed it before. Must be getting better. Getting late also, it must be; the clock was striking five. The nurse spoke, and he almost jumped. Funny, he'd almost forgotten her. And she was pretty, too, he remembered he'd thought.

"I'm going off duty now. Miss Johnson will be in in a moment. Before I go, I've got good news for you—but, no, I'd better not tell you. Dr. Paine would not like me revealing his professional secrets for him."

McDuff didn't answer. Good news? In this place? Pfui! She went out, and the nurse to take her place entered. Her smug face seemed to glow with an expression of "I know something you don't." He didn't bother to look, anyway; he knew her and she wasn't pretty. She began to speak to him, tho.

"Well, good news for our brave little sick man! Dr. Paine says—" Her revelation was broken off by the breezy entrance of said physician.

"Well, well, well, well, McDuff! Getting rather tired of lying on your back, aren't you? Let me see, it's been about thirteen weeks now, hasn't it? Well, cheer up, I have good news for you."

McDuff bestirred himself and showed interest for the first time. Maybe the breaks were going to come his way after all.

"What's that, Doc?"

"Doc" Paine looked benevolently down upon his patient. Well, my boy, if you're still improving tomorrow, in another week you can lie on your left side."

He beamed all over.

DIARY

After Pepys

BY CHESTER W. MORSE

MON. 4th: Up and to the office by water where I spent the morning adding my accounts, which methinks are short, several men having borrowed sizable sums of me in the week past. To the Blue Moon to dinner where we dined poorly, they having only venison steak.

5th: Today being the day of rest, my wife and I to the country where we passed the day merrily, very happy in each other's company. So home by foot with three lincks guiding us, which makes me very proud. And so to bed.

6th: Up early, waked by the wench who bestirred herself noisily getting up to wash for which I did give her a blow to the stomach about which she wailed all day, saying she was with child, at which I was sorry. Tired of the wretch's laments, to Nell Brambles to see her new baby, but methinks it looks not like Nell's husband or she and also that being pretty, the baby will have many adventures before she's very old. So home, glad that Nell's child resembles not me, as she well might.

7th: Up late this morning and to my Lord Sandwich but he, being yet abed, did bid me meet him at the office. Come there, he asked me if I should like to visit him in the country on Sunday, there being many high people invited which gives me much pleasure.

8th: Hastening to see the coach carrying the Polish Ambassador pass through the streets today I slipped in the mire, befouling my face and new velvet cloak whereat the ignorant crowd jeered and did make sport of me. Home in a rage and, God forgive me, for spite did beat my wife most cruelly till I could raise my arms no more.

9th: Early to the office where I did meet Will Bramble and we to a nearby tavern to radishes and drink. In the afternoon to a cock-fight which was methought cruel sport and in which I took not much pleasure, being troubled with the pain in my arm from beating my wife yesterday.

10th: Up early this morning and dressed myself in a new silk vest with gold tassels and thence to my Lord's country place where many people were already come. Much gaiety but not talking worthy of high people. Home by coach feeling happy at seeing so many beautiful women and clothes, but feeling unsteady, having drunk too much wine. So merrily to bed.

SILENT LAKE

By Leroy Finch

Two figures by a lonely lake
Bend slowly down their catch to take;
Shadowed outlines on the sky—
Dim and vague as night draws nigh.

The little lake soft laps the shore
With gentle sighing as of yore;
Silent 'neath the saturn sky—
Watching time and life flow by.

A silent lake, a lonely shore
And yet forever so much more;
Hallowed for eternity,—
This lake,—the Lake of Galilee.

THE PARTY

BY R. PARK BRECK

THIS dance was just going to be another drunken brawl, he said to himself. They were all drunken brawls. Why couldn't people be decent enough to get drunk at home? Instead, they made themselves damned obnoxious at parties by clapping you on the back, or asking you why you were so blooming high-hat that you wouldn't speak to them, or sobbing on your shoulder, or doing an adagio in the living room and then passing out cold. It was all so disgusting and sordid. Oh, well, he might as well make the best of it. Since it was New Year's Eve the girls would probably get the same way. That was rotten. But they would call him an ass if he spoke his mind. He had better keep his mouth shut.

He went in through the open door, gave his name to one of the secretaries, and went up to the coat room. As he entered, somebody bumped into him without even excusing himself. Absent-mindedly he took out his comb and ran it through his hair. His fingers automatically sought his tie, found it perfectly tied, and dropped to his side pocket, from which he drew a cigarette case. As he descended the long stairs to the hall, he took out a cigarette and flicked his lighter under it as he had seen Leslie Howard do on the screen. It was an impressive gesture.

In the hall he greeted his host and hostess and their charming daughter (they don't come any dumber than she, he thought, bowing). Straightening his shoulders, he moved through the French doors and onto the dance floor. It was a specially built, indirectly lighted room, much overheated. The orchestra, which they said came from Chicago, blared insipid syncopation while he searched vainly for a familiar face.

Finally he saw an acquaintance and impulsively tapped her partner's shoulder, realizing as he did so that he could have made a better choice. The girl smiled broadly, showing beautifully banded teeth, and shouted above the music, "Oh, Johnny, I'm *so* glad to see you! Why, I haven't seen you for simply *ages*! What *have* you been doing with yourself? Do tell me. Oh yes, you're at college now, aren't you? Don't tell me where. I know. At Princeton. Oh, I *love* Princeton! I've never *seen* a more beautiful campus." She paused to catch her breath. "Isn't this music just too divine? You know, this orchestra was brought all the way from Chicago just for this dance. Oh, look over there! That boy! Isn't he a scream? He's tight, yes he is, he's oiled. Isn't that disgusting? Oh, I've never seen anything so funny in all my life!"

Then a small, mustached gentleman with lipstick smeared across his glistening boiled shirt intervened.

Feeling very warm, he returned to the hall for fresher air and a cigarette. He was caught in a mass of people and jostled and pushed through the hall into a living room where there was a long bar. White-aproned bartenders rapidly mixed Scotch and soda and filled champagne glasses ceaselessly. A tall, solemn waiter, balancing a tray of champagne in oversized glasses, offered him a drink. He shook his head, but a boy with a vaguely familiar face, who was standing next to him, lifted two glasses from the tray, saying, "Come on. Don't pass this stuff up. What's New Year's Eve without a little bun, huh? Here, take it."

He murmured thanks, inwardly vowing to take only a sip, and acknowledged a toast of "A Happy New Year to all and to all a good night." Yes, it wasn't bad stuff at that. Well, one glass couldn't hurt him, anyway. He finished it and returned to the dance floor. He cut in on a baby-faced blond who smiled at him with her eyes and said nothing.

"How d'ya like the orchestra tonight?" he countered defensively.

"Oh, isn't it divine?"

But a commanding tap on the shoulder separated him from his partner. She's not bad, he mused. He danced several times more and received like opinions on the orchestra.

Again he felt warm, so he returned to the bar. He lit a cigarette. Another glass of champagne cooled him off. He went to replace his glass on the bar. A girl elbowed her way to a place beside him and reached for a drink. He politely picked up a glass and handed it to her.

"Here's to you," she said.

Nothing daunted, he picked up another glass and repeated the toast. They both emptied their drinks.

"Have a butt?"

"Thanks. I wonder where my boy friend is? He's drunk, and I guess he's forgotten all about me. I'll never find him in this mob."

"Well, that's all right. I don't mind. You come on and dance with me."

They danced. The band wasn't bad now.

"Look at that drummer! Jeez, he's good!"

"Ya don't often hear a trumpet like that."

"No, ya don't. But I like that drummer."

"Yeah, he's all right too. They're both pretty hot. Let's have another drink."

"Yeah, let's. You lead the way."

"Okay."

He lost the girl in the crowd in the living room. Well, that was too bad. She was all right. He had another drink and a cigarette. It was quite warm in there. He felt dizzy. Nothing would counteract liquor like coffee, he had been told. He found a coffee urn and drank two cups. That was better. Now he'd be okay. He saw a friend whom he used to go to school with, went up behind him, and clapped him on the back.

"Hello, Bill."

"What d'ya say, Johnny?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"This is one swell brawl."

"You bet it's one swell brawl."

"Yeah, I feel swell now."

"Yeah, that champagne's good."

"Sure it's good. It was made in '23."

"Well then, it oughta be good."
"What d'ya say we have some more?"
"Sure. Certainly. Why not?"
"Here's bottoms up to a Happy New Year."
"Bottoms up to a Happy New Year."
"Now I'm gonna go dance."
"Naw, don't go dance. Let's have another drink."
"Okay."
"Okay. I give you the host and hostess."
"Precisely. Now I'm gonna go dance."
"I'll see ya."
"So long. I'll see ya."
"Don't take any wooden nickels."
"Don't worry. I won't."

He ground his cigarette into the rug and returned to the dance floor. He found that by following a crack in the floor he could walk in a straight line. He sought out the girl he had picked up at the bar.

"Well, how ya makin' out?"
"Okay. You're not doin' so bad yourself, are you?"
"No, I'm hittin' it right well."
"There are too many people on this floor, do ya know it?"
"I'll say there are."
"Let's go back to the bar."
"I'm already there."
"Don't kid me. You're not quite all there."
"What d'you mean? You mean I'm drunk? I'm not drunk.
How come you think that way?"
"Aw, I was just kidding you."
"Sure you were just kidding me."

They had another drink.

"It's hot in here too."
"Yeah, I know. Want to go outside?"
"Good point. Where?"
"I gotta car."
"Okay."

They had a little difficulty finding the car. She stumbled a couple of times, but he kept her from falling. Finally they found the car and got in. He put his arm around her and kissed her.

"You're a fast worker, aren't you?"

"Sure I am. I don't waste any time goin' 'round Robin Hood's barn."

"Kiss me again. Gee, that's swell."

"I like you a lot, kid. What's your name?"

"Peggy."

"Peggy. That's a good name."

"Say, don't do that!"

"Aw, what's the matter? I didn't mean anything."

"That's no way to carry on with a lady!"

"Aw listen, I'm sorry."

"I'm going back to the house."

"Don't let me stop ya then, if that's the way ya feel about it."

She opened the door and got out.

"Good night!"

"Same to you," he murmured. He felt kind of sleepy. In fact he couldn't keep his eyes open. Well, what of it? She wasn't so much, anyway. Darkness whirled about before his eyes. His head fell back on the seat.

FACE

BY ALEXANDER B. ADAMS

"IT'S like a strong man," I said.

"Is it really strong," Ralph asked, "or is it putting on face?"

The object of our discussion was the heavy sea wall on which we were standing. Built fifteen years ago, it had been resisting the heavy onslaught of waves ever since, and never in that time had any section of it given away. Right now, however, it was facing the worst storm in the memory of any of the old, white-bearded fishermen, who still tried to ply their trade against the competition of youth and power boats. The whole sea was a moving blanket of gray and green, broken only by an occasional white-cap near to shore. There was no living thing out that day. Even the gulls had given up their swift-winged flight across the ocean in everlasting search for food.

"Of course it is strong," I went on, impressed by its strength but nevertheless taking it for granted. "That's the way the engineers made it, and they must know how."

Ralph shook his head. "You said it was like a man. God ought to know how to make a strong man, but most of those we think are so, are only trying to keep up appearances."

The wind echoed his words, and the pines in back of us seemed to whisper to the wall, "Keep up appearances."

"Do you remember Paul Noorsam, the famous financier?" Ralph asked. "Do you remember how he faced his board of directors that last day? Even his worst enemies had to admit he was a strong man who faced disaster without wincing. I was his secretary then, and I saw the whole affair. Exactly five minutes late as usual,

he entered the room, said good morning to several members, and casually walked to the head of the long table. Every man there was surprised. I don't know what we expected to see, but it certainly wasn't to find him facing his world as usual, for every one of us knew he was a ruined man. You might have thought he would have at least been on time, but in his mind that would have been a weakness.

"The whole affair from beginning to end was a farce. On either side of Noorsam sat a line of apish faces, still bearing that 'yes, sir' expression engraved there after twenty years of submissively following their leader. But now the flock was going to revolt, was going to rebel against that man at the head of the table. For twenty years he had led them, pursuing what was almost a perfect policy; and now he had made his first mistake. He had taken over another company without asking their advice (he never asked that because he felt they had none to offer, and he hated to waste precious hours over discussion), and the company had not proved a success. Within a year he could have whipped it into shape, making it pay well, but he needed more money. And the flock rebelled, decided it was time for this high-handed leader to be shoved out.

"The ingratitude of human nature is great. Out of that group I could see Carlson, whom Noorsam had saved from bankruptcy seven years ago; and Farley, to whom he had been giving a helping hand ever since the business had started. There wasn't one single man there who didn't owe him something, who hadn't received some favor from him. I tell you, it was sickening.

"But Noorsam didn't seem to care. He sat there calmly as though he were the one who had called the meeting. He watched them as they leaned back in their chairs nervously, trying to get up courage enough to tell him he was through. Yes, the flock was rebelling, but even then they didn't know how to start. Carlson was fingering his twenty dollar gold piece which he got for attending the meeting, and the others were either doing the same or were smoking furiously. In the eyes of every man you could see the desire to tell Noorsam that he was no good, that they were tired of his running them, but his control over them was still too great. They didn't dare.

"I can remember sitting, looking at the figures carved on the

backs of the chairs, while all around there was suspense. Then Noorsam got up. For a moment I thought he was going to give them all the devil, show them what fools they were. There was no emotion on his face as he stood there, watching them for a second. Then he began. 'I know what you're here for,' he said. 'You want to throw me out because I don't ask your advice. Well, your advice isn't worth asking, and furthermore,' he went on, his voice hardly above its ordinary level, 'you're not going to throw me out.' The faces of his listeners were startled. 'You have my resignation.'

"The faces relaxed again. They were glad that they hadn't had to make their prepared speech, despite the fact that they would have gotten great pleasure out of making him leave. Their purpose was accomplished. There would be no more high-handed ruling for them, (and also there would be no more of Noorsam's great ability and mind working for their advantage). Like apes they sat there, perfectly satisfied with themselves. They'd shown the world no man could 'boss' them.

"It was only a minute before the resignation was officially accepted. For a while they remained. From the head of the table Noorsam said in his low voice, 'The meeting is dismissed.' The sheep had rid themselves of the leader, but still by force of habit they obeyed his orders. Then one by one they filed out the door. I, as secretary, was the last to leave. As I went out I can remember marvelling at the strength of this man, at the way he could stand up calmly before those that despised him. Just before I closed the door, I heard a noise behind me. Looking back over my shoulder, to my surprise I saw the strong man, his head buried in his hands, crying like a baby."

Ralph stopped. Overhead the clouds were still rushing across the sky and the pines were still whispering, "Keep up appearances." Then, as if to lend emphasis to the story, we could feel the wall under our feet give a slight shudder.

TEN SEATS

BY WELLS LEWIS

“WELL, if you get there first, save ten seats. Ten, now. Remember.”

“All right. There’s John and Ted and Joe and Elk and you and who else?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Save ’em anyway. There’s always someone.”

“O. K. Ten seats.”

The oak door was opened, revealing at once the apprehensive face of the waiter performing the opening and that of the Honorable Mortimer P. Greenfinch (1832-1894), donor of the Greenfinch foundation to provide the school with sufficient hat-racks, throned in gilt and oils upon the opposite wall.

Twenty boys surged across the marble floor towards the various tables and began busily to lean all available chairs against them as a sign that they were “saved.” In some cases, the saved chairs were not intended for anyone, but were just a mark of prestige, to be relinquished grudgingly at the last moment with a “Oh well, I guess he isn’t coming after all. You might as well sit down.”

George of the ten chairs made good nine of them, while someone else started at the other side of the large, round, oak table. They met at the tenth.

“It’s mine.”

“Oh yeah? My hand was there hours before yours.”

“It was, eh?”

“Yeah.”

“So what?”

A waiter slithered by with a trayful of pinkish hot water craftily housed in soup plates.

"Oh well, you might as well have it. What the hell—"

"Here, you take it."

"I really don't want it."

"Well, damn it—"

The chair was left vacant. In a few minutes, a sad looking fellow in an old lumber-jacket sat down in it and began to drink the soup. Someone else came up.

"Well, well, well, hello George—wie gehts?—high on a throne which far outshone Ormus and the Ind—how'd'ga hit the exam, baby?—boy am I hungry—damn it! pass the soup—I'm not fooling this time—what's the lunch?"

"Hello."

Hank leaned across three-fourths of the table and snagged a saltine, dousing his necktie with salad dressing *en route*. George handed him the menu.

"Swiss steak! Good God,—that horse meat?"

"Horse afraid of the big, bad steak," murmured George, rather unnecessarily.

"Owwwwwww! Another one like that out of you and I'll—where's my soup?"

"Right here, Hank," said Bill, the ever obliging waiter.

"Ah, now that's what I like! Service! Some of these—, why the other day I waited one solid half-hour for my lunch. Hey, Bernie! come and sit down! Over here!"

Bernie, wrestler and aesthete, awoke from his usual aroma of sanctity and absent-mindedness and rolled over to them.

"Blessings on you, my children," he said in a pontifical manner. "As Milton so aptly put it, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'" He sat down substantially. "A trifle of soup, I believe."

"Bill, some soup for Bernie!"

"Right-o."

By this time, a steady stream of boys jostled through the doorway, some abstracted, milling over examinations, others looking eagerly for seats. George watched for the other members of the more or less unofficial party, keeping half an eye on the saved seats

and discouraging anyone from taking them. At last everybody had come.

"Hello, Joe, how be ye?"

"Howdy! Say, would you mind telling me what the German assignment is? None of the other guys in the class—"

"Search me."

"Let us assume then," said Bernie, "that there is no assignment. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, you know."

"Hey, the funniest thing happened to me today. I was walking along the road outside Mifflin Hall when a man ahead of me fell and twisted his leg, and—"

A dour belch from Elk.

"Say,—will you please just wait a moment and let me finish my story?"

Three loud raps produced by the simple method of banging a glass against the sideboard momentarily quieted the hall. The headwaiter was announcing: "There will be choir rehearsal for the first and second basses tonight at 6:45, as usual."

"Oh yeah?" said Hank and George at the same moment. They looked at each other in surprise.

"I hope the rain keeps up," said the affable but unenterprising Ted. "If there's athletics this afternoon, I'm sunk."

"It will, don't worry," growled Hank. "It always does around this place, except when you don't want it to."

Three more raps. The assistant head-waiter, stocky and self-important, who had just entered the hall announced: "There will be choir rehearsal for the first—"

He was drowned out by a chorus of boos, catcalls, and loud "We know all about that!" "Tell us something new!" "We've heard that before."

"There is no doubt," said Bernie, "but that this meat is tough."

"I think you have something there."

"Stick to it, Geronimo; remember the Alamo."

"A thought in time is worth nine," said Bernie.

A thundering salvo of applause from a table on the far side of

the room greeted the entrance of its waiter, Sleepy Joe, whose trayful of soups flowed in among dishes of ice-cream.

Hank rolled his napkin into a ball and tossed it tenderly into the water pitcher. He rose.

"Well, so long, you mugs. See you at the movies. By the way, what is the movie?"

"Pilgrimage?"

"Oh, God! Of all the lousy,—I've seen it three times. Oh well. Nothing else to do around here. Now listen, George, get there early, and save ten seats in the middle."

"O. K." said George.

"Wait a minute, Hank," said Bernie, rising, "and I shall accompany you."

"See you later, George."

"Ars Gloria Artis. Nos moraturi sumus, te salutamus. Vive la France! So long."

They went out.

DESERT

By Earle W. Newton

The howling desert, whirling sand,
Standing sphinx and caravans.

The motley desert, emirs, slaves,
Turks and Arabs, negroes, knaves.

The treacherous desert, bandits there;
Murder common, all things fair.

The terrible desert, men go mad;
Endless expanse, grave and sad.

THE PIG HAS HIS DAY

BY JACK MINOR

THE greatest phenomenon of the year of 1933 was not, as many discerning people believe, the establishing of the N. R. A., or the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, or even our gallant acceptance of Miss Mae West as a national institution. It was something slightly less spectacular perhaps, but certainly of far more significance to society in general. The event to which I refer is, of course, the amazing rise of the pig from his former low position in the sun to the high and mighty place which he now enjoys. Once considered the lowest and most undesirable of our four-footed colleagues, he has at last been given the recognition and social prestige which has so long been denied him. No longer is he a mere target at which we can sling all kinds of cruel insults and hideous abuse, but instead he receives the respect and esteem due any truly distinguished figure. The pig has finally come into his own.

The rabid and unanimous enthusiasm of human society in acclaiming this new upstart is nothing short of a miracle. He is given all the homage accorded a god, and one almost wonders if we are about to return to the ancient Egyptian days of animal worship. In our country he has become a definite vogue, something to be taken up along with Socialism, Casa Loma music, and reversible raincoats. He is discussed and worshiped by all the "four hundred," and has even found favor among our younger sophisticates. In fact, to be able to talk to your barber in a casual manner about the psychological significance of the pig's appeal to man is fair proof of your *savoir faire* and shows beyond a doubt that you've been around. Poems and articles on the new symbolism of the pig are

published in all our best magazines, and his image appears on everything from Christmas cards to cocktail shakers. The comic sheets and cartoons have also discovered unlimited possibilities in this remarkable animal, and he is fast replacing the fuzzy black bears and sad-faced monkeys who so long held sway in these popular fields of humor and satire. He has even become the rage of our current jazz, and if our songwriters once reveled in composing ballads about Minnie and her gong-kicking activities, they now prefer to tell about "The Three Little Piggies" and their troubles with the "Big Bad Wolf." It is whispered that even Gershwin himself will soon join in the fun and come out with a "Rhapsody in Sausage." But probably the greatest honor awarded the new hero is his being taken up by the American cinema. While everybody from Granddad to Junior once worshiped at the shrine of such distinguished idols as Miss Jean Harlow, they now pay out their quarters to witness the art of Walt Disney's pigs, who have even eclipsed the immortal "Mickey Mouse" in popularity.

What makes the current vogue of the pig of such interest and importance is, of course, the cause which brought about his triumphant field day. Formerly, those animals which held the respect and esteem of man owed their success to either of two qualities, their physical beauty or else some admirable trait of character. The dog was loved for his intelligence, and the cat for her pleasing appearance. Not so with the pig. His triumph is due to far different reasons. We have finally discovered an animal who possesses those mysterious forces of charm and magnetism which everybody from Moses to Mae West has been striving to acquire ever since the day that Eve was seduced by a serpent. It is an accepted truth that although we have the virtues of a saint and the beauty of a Greek god, and have not charm, it behooves us nothing. And in the case of our new idol, whose looks and character are by no means what they should be, it is very evident that he does possess that certain something, and it is sheerly through the power of this magnetic

charm that he has succeeded in ignoring all those established rules for social success so earnestly exploited by the makers of Lifebuoy Soap.

It is rumored that Miss Zoe Beckley, whose advice to the love-lorn gives daily comfort to over three million souls, has recently adopted two upstanding young pigs as household pets in order that she may study the secrets of their undeniable fascination at closer range. If this is true, Miss Beckley, as the expression goes, certainly knows her stuff, and should eventually be able to disclose many valuable charm hints to all her readers who aren't getting along the way they ought to. Even the most sophisticated prep school boy cannot affect the bored and cool detachment of the best raised pig, nor can the most ravishing debutante ever hope to acquire his poised and charming insouciance.

Throughout all this wild acclaim and frantic ballyhoo, the pig has behaved himself with true distinction, and now sits a proud, if slightly bewildered ruler on his newly acquired throne. One wonders if his present eminence is to continue indefinitely, or if he will eventually lose his foothold and slip back to his former position in life. The affections of man are fickle, and perhaps tomorrow he may transfer his loyalty to a newer favorite. Yet no matter what may come, the pig can always look back with a sort of wistful pride to the day when he was taken up by all the best people, and when his name stood for more than footballs, hairbrushes, and ham sandwiches.

EDITORIAL

We had to change something for this issue, for, naturally, before a thing can be *good*, it's got to be *different*! So we did away with the editorial page. No one ever reads it anyhow. If, however, the editor receives too great a conglomeration of excoriating protestations, there is yet another issue in which it may be renewed.

YE EDITOR

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TO A COMRADE GONE ON

In Memoriam: John Adams Kingsbury, Jr.

For even as our life is given, so
May it be taken back by Him who wills
To claim it from His others here below,
Regardless of the loss, or grief that fills
Our hearts. Imprudence often seems intent
To rule the thief of man's most natural claim,
Death, He is, who steals about low bent
With scythe of Father Time. And neither name
Nor virtue will the ruthless demon weigh
When he decides to sever at the root
The human stalks that He has sown to stay
This onslaught, through which vowed he to refute
His own efficiency that He too great
May not become, and fall when it's too late.
But God and Death are One, and when He breathes
Life starts, and then when He exhales life stops—
The balance of His power thus is made.
He picks us gently into sheaves
He binds us, like unto the farmer crops;
But of this Holy bond be not afraid.
'Tis not of any worldly substance, this,
But simply one existing in the mind
Of those believing nothing is amiss
When one is ordered from his human kind.
Our friend was next when He had called the roll,
And so he went to do as he was bade.
A bright, stout fellow, — ever-smiling lad
Has gone to Him. And may God rest his Soul!

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Etchings by Cleve Ginsberg



MY FRIEND JOE

BY JOHN T. BEATY

JOE and I go around a lot together now. Joe is blind, but he's a swell fellow. I like to talk to him. I haven't known him very long. In fact, I only met him a week ago . . .

I heard a blind man's tap among the crowd. I went over to him and took his arm. He was out of his usual district, he told me, so he had to go slow. He was very grateful to me. I asked him where his territory was. Anywhere around the East Thirties and Forties, he said. If I would just help him to the edge of the Park, he would be all right. He was on his way home. He was afraid it was going to rain, and if he went through the Park, he could hurry.

No, I needn't take him all the way. If I would just set him on Forty-Third, it would be doing him a big favor. "You see," he said, "I have a flat at the foot of the Park ramp. There's a swell straight walk beside the road there, so it's a cinch. I might beat this shower that way."

He wanted to get home before his wife got back from the office. Sometimes she was tired and liked a cup of hot tea. So, if I would just help him across Fifth Avenue, he thought he could get home in time all right. From there it would only be a couple of blocks to the ramp.

I said I'd go with him as far as the Park, but that was as far as I could help him. So we hurried along. I got to like him a lot right then. I asked him about himself. He wasn't shy, and I was glad. If a stranger asked me right off the bat about myself, no matter how good his intentions were, I know I would have hedged. He didn't.

"I'm Joe Dallas," he said. "I've been blind since the War. A shell in Argonne. I was in the hospital two months. It was no use.

They couldn't help me. I was already married, so they gave me my discharge, and I went back home. My wife had a job with the Nichols Copper Company. She has supported Dick all the time. Since then we've been living in a nice place on Thirty-Ninth. Her name's Alice. I love her. She's been wonderful about it." He paused.

I heard a drop of rain splash on his hat as we reached the Park entrance. I hurried him under the big wistaria arbor. Then I turned to him and said that was as far as I could help him. He thanked me and shook my hand.

"I'll be all right from here on," he said. "My district begins here. I know my way around. I hope I didn't take you too much out of your way."

"Not at all," I answered sincerely. "I'd take you farther—only you see, my district ends here. I better hurry home. I live three blocks up this side of the Park. It's beginning to rain. So long, Joe."

"Wait a sec," he protested, clinging to my arm. "You're coming to my place. Come on. I want you to meet Alice. You're a pal. Come on."

"Okay, lead on, friend Joe; from here on you're the doctor. I can at least help you make Alice some tea."

"That's not all," he jazzed back, as we strode out into the wet wind, "you can help us drink it" . . .

It's made a big difference in my life knowing those new people. I'm really happy now. Before, I used to spend my time loafing around on the streets. Now, when I'm not at my desk writing or at the hospital having my eyes treated, I go over to Joe's. Joe knows now that I got mine in France too, but he doesn't know that they're going to cure me. I don't dare tell him yet. It would change things. I'm dying to see Alice and Dick. I already know what Joe looks like. I'm sure I do: we're just-like-that.

* * * * *

It's been three years now. It might not have been like this if they could have cured me. As it is, I don't mind being blind so much—so long as I've got my friend Joe.

EVENING

BY WELLS LEWIS

THAT'S that. A few formulas. Only a few. No problem, of course, could be asked which did not have at its base one of those trusty formulas, no matter how much verbal camouflage lay in mimeographed ambush. Big "R" over little "r" times "f." Big "R" for the honor role—two more days at Easter. Little "r" for a Cum Laude key, small gold cypher for a hundred red-marked honors. And the "f" for good measure.

How quiet; how peaceful. Everyone must be studying — for once. Futile cramming; a very low habit. Cramming must be carefully guided: just the right amount between naps under lilac bushes.

Down with that heavy green book! Full of nothing but information, nothing but facts and hints and careful experiments, to trap some poor misguided student into learning something about the subject. How much simpler would be a little blue book with nothing in it but formulas; with a few apt definitions to please the professorial eye. So much easier to hold. So much easier to slip in the pocket, to be hastily taken out and ravaged in dark passages near the examination room.

Ah back, back on the pillows, soft pillows, soft pillows. To stretch your long, lean legs full fathom five on the bedspread. To lie back. To sigh. To look around A cheerful room. Yes, decidedly that. Cheerful, warm, comfortable. "Out of the rain and the wind's way"—"shining delft" (the little cheese pots on the window would do, I suppose) — "smoking turf" (come now!)—the ticking clock (ah, well, we have that—Westclox, but ticking just the same, blandly inaccurate). A warm room, a nice room. A room to make you call for slush, for rain against the window

Well furnished, too. France, brought to you by the courtesy of Constant Duval, Lucien Serres, Inc., and the Chemins de Fer de L'Etat; for art and for color: L'Arlesienne by Van Gogh—a beautiful name to pronounce correctly, that—; Le Petit Fille, by Renoir—charming; all the educated innocence of women; small, but they mature quickly in them Latin countries. Rivera, a sort of Bellows-like thing—colorful—and a Henry McFee. And wasn't I one of those to pick McFee when all the suckers fell for "Reflections"! Nyah, nyah, nyah!

I seem to be getting a bit like T. S. Eliot (in a word, cryptic). Clever. But posterity doesn't usually excuse it. Look at the melancholy Burton.

To return to the room, and my five fathom legs stretched across the counterpane. On either side of his charming mantel, Mr. Lewis has four Ming figures (R. H. Macy & Co., every night over WEAF). These delightful little figures come from the temple of Kuan Ti, near Peking. They are very rare. Mr. Priest of the Metropolitan judges them to be five hundred years old.

Mr. Lewis also had one double plug, which the electrician seems to have confiscated. Damn!

Over the bureau is a pastel of Quentin de la Tour, the greatest of the French pastelists. A lovely cynical man: hasn't shaved for a week, but try and tell him! Such a look in his eyes. Cynical, and all the while laughing at himself for being cynical. Sort of complicated, you might say. But anyhow, tonight he looks subdued, and his red waistcoat gleams in the warm light.

How quiet it is. How quiet, how cheerful, how warm Ah Peace A year's work behind. Ahead, a nice, fat margin in the *Pot Pourri*, perhaps. A solemn happy procession down the aisle; a little gold key on a little gold chain And then—

Umph! It's time for bed.

The Downfall of Hera

BY RICHARD S. DAVIS

ACT I

SCENE I

Mount Olympus, March 1934.

THE court of the Gods is awaiting Hera before they start to eat breakfast. They are busy chatting and laughing when she finally appears.

Zeus: This is the very first year Mount Olympus has had a successful season since 1929. Prosperity is just around the corner, and there's plenty for somebody, isn't there, Apollo?

Apollo: This has indeed been a red-letter year. But I ask thee, Zeus, what it is that makes the wife of Adam so pale?

Diana: She's fainted! Oh, ye gods! She's eaten the apple!

Aphrodite: Horrors! What will we do? (Enter Hera, also called Juno.)

Hera: Where's that apple? (She starts looking under the table.) Well, don't stand there! Do something! I wish to see the golden apple which Paris is going to give me this afternoon!

Diana: I'm afraid Eve has eaten it. (Eve is coming to.)

Eve: Quite by mistake, I assure you. I felt faint for a minute, but don't worry about me. I've eaten bad apples before.

Calliope: I can't understand why it hasn't killed you!

Hera: Too bad it didn't! You have no excuse whatsoever, Eve. Don't try to blame that snake again. You knew perfectly well that apple was priceless to me!

Eve: Adam wanted

Hera: I shall never be happy again, never! That apple was practically mine!

Aphrodite: Say, what d'ya mean?

Pallas Athene: Keep your tunic on, Aphrodite. It takes brains to win a prize like that, and that's one thing you haven't got!

Zeus: There now, there now! Since Eve ate the apple we'll call the whole thing off.

Hera: Oh no we won't! Hermes, telephone Poseidon at once and tell him Odysseus is not to return home until he has found us another golden apple like the one Eris was kind enough to give us.

Hermes: Madame, people await you in the anteroom. There's Menelaus, Prof. Benner, and . . .

Hera: I'm out of town for the week-end.

Hermes: And, madame, may I read the day's schedule of events?

Hera: Proceed.

Hermes: At ten o'clock Apollo and Diana are giving a paper chase. As Mrs. Roosevelt is the guest of honor, she will receive the first page. At eleven o'clock Pluto and Mrs. Pluto are having a scavenger hunt, Mr. Dillinger being the guest of honor. At twelve o'clock the news-reel men, reporters, and Will Rogers arrive to see madame.

Hera: Nope! Can't see them. You have forgotten that we're flying down to Troy this afternoon.

Hermes: Oh yes, and a large crowd is expected to see you off; I have reserved seats at the theatre for those of the gods who aren't going along. It's another Mae West film. At eight o'clock this evening there is to be a large dinner party here in the Hall of Gods. It's a farewell dinner to the Insulls; they're leaving Greece soon.

Zeus: What a day! What a day! Well, it'll certainly be nice to have some of the women folks gone for a while, and to . . .

Hera: You'll not leave this house! Now friends, there is no need fearing you'll lose any money betting this afternoon. All you have to do is to place your dough on me, and I'll do the rest. Who's Queen? After all, remember the plane leaves at noon sharp, and anyone who is late is disqualified. We are to meet Paris on Mount Ida; so until noon, I'll be seeing you.

EPILOGUE

There are numerous flourishes of the trumpets and an invisible brass band. Aphrodite enters on the arm of Mr. Insull; Mrs. Insull is on the arm of Zeus. They are followed by all the gods and goddesses, but Hera does not appear.

Mr. Insull: I understand Paris awarded you the golden apple this afternoon. What happened to Hera?

Aphrodite: She just couldn't take it! (The guests and gods start sitting down at the table.)

THE BELLS

BY DAVID E. LARDNER

Hear the academic bells,
 Stupid bells!
What a day of dreary drudgery their discord
 Now foretells!
Every morning, noon and night
 To our lives they bring a blight
With the never-ending clangor of their tone.
 As they sound from out the tower
On the campus every hour
 We just groan.
We must bear this tribulation
 We must sigh in resignation
To the ever-jarring clangor of their tone.
 How they hold us in our cells,
How they sing of classroom hells!
 Hear the bells, bells bells, bells,
Bells, bells bells —
 The abominable bedlam of the bells!

Under The Silent Moon

BY JOHN T. BEATY

WHEN he asked her to dance, she felt a sudden trembling warmth gush happily up in her lonely heart. She didn't want to be crude, even in thinking about it, but it did seem to her that her "big moment" had come. She wasn't exactly sure what she said to him, but, through a beautiful, pastel haziness, she realized she was dancing. It was divine.

She almost let herself wonder why he had not asked her to dance, but she didn't want to think about that. She didn't want to think about anything. Besides, what did it matter, as long as he had? It wasn't as if they hadn't met before. She remembered that tea-dance in Greenwich when she had first met him; and she thought naively, "I've adored him ever since then, I guess." And she let herself go. It was divine.

And then she knew she wanted to be alone with him. It was not that she didn't like dancing; she loved it. But she felt that she had to have him to herself. She wanted to sit with him out on a moonlit balcony and just look into his eyes. She knew it sounded silly, but she didn't care. So she asked him, wouldn't he like to sit this one out?

She found herself on the little ivied balcony over the restless silver moon-path on the lake. It was cool out there over the water. He brought her a soft, puffy coat. She saw that it was her own. She snuggled down into the cushions of a big chair. She was happy. Now she saw that she could not help herself: she worshiped him—adored him, and it was divine.

Slowly she lifted her long, lazy lashes, and her grey-blue eyes studied him coyly from the shadow. She already knew his eyes were a laughing green. She knew the firm curve of his boyish mouth. And, of course, he was dressed in perfect taste. It wasn't anything like that she was looking for as she swayed her head slowly from side to side as if she were sleepy. But really she was trying to recapture the fleeting glimpse of bronze fire she had seen in his hair. You would have said in the daytime that his hair was just a ruddy brown. But at night, with the silver flood of moon-beams glinting

off it, you could catch distinct gleams of bronze lustre, sometimes sparks, sometimes flames; she longed to run her fingers through it. She thought: Maybe if I just went and did it — no, he'd think I was silly. Men run if you chase them. But I might make him come over here and want me to love him. He looks lonely and quiet. Just the way I feel. I love him; and I love his hair. I want to rumple it and tousle it. That would be divine.

The silence thrilled her: it was a suggestion of how intimate they already were. She felt she knew him and loved him. He must have realized this: he was sympathetically still. He must have sensed it. If she could only show him that she loved him more than anything in the world, that she only wanted to be loved, and—well, that she wanted to play with his hair. If she could only tell him, everything would be divine.

His deep breathing did sound suspiciously like sighs. He was probably overcome with emotion too. She was certain that their understanding silence and mutual constrained respect were unnecessary. She rose, moved over to the railing beside him, and, throwing her coat way back over her shoulders in a most attractive way, she struck a pose. Her head was charmingly tilted as she gazed with profound rapture at the moon. Her bare, white shoulders sloped with obvious yearning toward him. They smoothly and quickly told him everything. Out of the corner of her starry eyes she saw that he understood. She turned with conscious radiance and looked into his eyes. He stood quite still for a moment. She saw in his face a look of hesitant distress. Anxiously she flashed him a quick glance. It read: "Please do." She swayed toward him. He dropped to one knee, and clasped her to him. Her fingers wandered caressingly through his bronze hair. Then suddenly she was kneeling beside him. His green eyes were burning with the intensity of a beautiful passion, she exulted. And then, for a long time, they were close—they alone on the silent balcony under the silent moon. It was divine.

Her? Oh, I've forgotten her name. It began with a "G" or something. No, not at all; that's not the way it was. Look: what can I do when Mother practically insists that I dance with her? I tried to tell her I didn't know the woman, but it seems that Mother knows she went to that Greenwich tea-dance last vacation. Well, that was that. I had to dance with her Well, no; she doesn't dance badly, but she hardly said a word all the time I danced with her Now don't get sarcastic; I'm not the one to get sore at. I didn't want to dance with her in the first place. Well, all right; but you ought to know I'd rather dance with you than her any ol' day Yeh; well, I was telling you—she hardly said a word. So you can imagine how I felt. I hate forcing conversation anyway. So I naturally didn't say much either. Besides, it wasn't up to me, was it? Yeh; well it wasn't exactly that either. No, she wasn't glum exactly; she was—no, not sulky either; (and don't keep interrupting me) she was sort of vacant — dumb, I guess. She just kept staring at me all the time we were out on the balcony No, it wasn't very long . . . Well, all right then; if you saw it, you know what happened Now don't blame her; I'm no patsy; it was my fault — only I guess the music in here and the quiet out there had something to do with it No, she doesn't mean *that* to me — the way you do. But she really was lovely — in her own way, you know, that beautiful blue-eyed dumb type. They're pretty passionate, most of them. So that was how—well, you say you saw. I guess it was partly the moon, too; it was so big and quiet. It made me feel — well, sort of lonesome and dreamy. You know how it is Yeh, all right; but as a matter of fact, I really didn't like it at all. I tell you Mother practically insisted Oh, I don't know: Mother knows her mother I guess. Yeh, that's it: they went to Vassar together Anyway, I couldn't get rid of her. Atleast for a long time. But then, finally somebody came for her. She had to be home early. Her mother makes her be home by twelve every night. She's very carefully brought up But you ought to know though, darling, that all the time I really wanted to be with you and dance with you. I really had a hell-of-a-time with her. But what could I do? Mother practically insisted. So, even if she was nice enough in her way — well, you know what I mean: she was nice enough in her way—some people might like her a lot and all that — but really, on the whole, it was terrible.

*Tenements*

THE BOWERY

BY DONALD W. HENRY

YOU want to know why, at my age, I ever took up social work? —Were you ever down in the Bowery? No? Well, then, listen. I'll tell you why."

"It was about two years ago. It was late at night; in fact the solemn-faced clock on the 'Bowery Savings Bank' was gloomily approaching two, slowly as though afraid to strike and break the oppressive stillness lying in a blanket over that hell of heavy, disgusting odors, which were clinging to the black pavements and permeating the air. The rough, crowned streets, fouled with the rot of garbage, were draining their scum into the clogged gutters or were forming squalid little pools of muck about the 'El' pillars.

"We conversed little, the young social worker and I, as we stole furtively along a filthy alley, for the dim forms of slaving, besotted creatures sprawled in doorways and the gloomy, cavernous tenements plunged us into a somber mood. From this we were relieved only slightly as my guide turned suddenly from the street into a black, abysmal entrance, from which only a feeble beam of light was shining. He threw his whole weight against the aged, creaky door, which swung slowly open.

"I found that the young social worker had brought me into one of the more palatial 'flop-houses' of the Bowery. It was a long low murky room of filthy walls, its floor covered with noisily sleeping forms. Near the entrance, and in the only lighted space of the room, was the luxurious office of the management. Tastefully furnished, its appointments consisted of a rickety folding camp-chair and a shaky little oaken table, stamped unmistakably as a former church piece by its carvings.

Over this was slouched the inert body of the bouncer, — the lord of the establishment, for it was before him that the bums plunked down their coin for the privilege of sleeping between two sodden blankets, alive with vermin. To him also lay the task of bouncing any drug-crazed sleeper who became too violent in his dreams, or the vomiting souse who had not eaten enough food to hold down the poisonous slugs of liquor.

Nauseated as I was by the reek of these foul men and the stench of this terrible dungeon, I could not seem to turn to go, as I deeply longed to do, but was unaccountably held by the abject figure at the desk. He paid no attention to us; if we wanted a bed, we would toss our money on the table. If not, it was O. K. with him. He didn't care and in his attitude was exemplified that of each of the Bowery bums slumped on all sides in all manner of incongruous postures. Bleary-eyed, with shoulders bowed, his whole character was that of defeat and passive despair. Long since, the savage grindstone of his environment had worn away ambition and eaten religion itself from his soul. No longer did the sun shine for him, or if it did, it made no difference to him; it just appeared and disappeared. No longer did he become angry at more fortunate passers-by, for his wrath and indignation had been cooled by the passage of time and had given way to a philosophy, the futility of everything. It was not his mere physical decadence that got me, but this so utterly crushed spirit. Where before there had been goals to be sought after, fights to fight, and even the hope that he might some day win his way out of the mire of his environment, — now all was submerged in a brain soaked and rotted by liquor and vice. Submission to what seemed his fate had so long been his lot that it now was his very character.— Well, my friend drew me out. He knew I'd seen enough."

The speaker whistled as he burned his fingers on the stub of his cigarette. "And you wonder why I became a social worker!"

PAULINE

BY ALEXANDER B. ADAMS

HE sat on the front seat of the wagon. Ahead of him he could see the ears of the two mules appearing every once in a while out of the dust which rose from the road. The springs squeaked in harmony with the slow beat of hoofs. Beside him sat a Negro with a pipe, the smoke of which floated around their heads, then, combining with the dust, formed one cloud and drifted away.

"Where was Pauline?" he thought; Pauline with her dark hair and deep eyes. "Had she reached the church yet, or was she still walking across the fields with that strange, half-animal sway of hers?"

It had been two years before when his doctor, resplendent in white coat and glowing with that sense of dignity and power that most physicians acquire in their offices, had leaned across his desk and said, "Sorry, Ross, old boy, but it looks like a good bit of sun somewhere in the South is about the only thing to cure you." So he had left the doctor's office and the groups of nurses running here and there and had carried his bad lungs down to the railroad station; but before he left he wired the Rochesters.

Vantan had looked good to him two years ago. The little town shone both from the light of the Southern sun and its natural friendliness. The Rochesters were there too, having gotten him just what he wanted, a small cabin on the edge of their plantation. It was built on the same lines as the darkies' cabins, only larger and cleaner, for it had once been used by the foreman. He could remember how he had seen it first. He had walked around the outside several times and then had entered. "This will be home," he thought, as he stood on the threshold. He had been very pleased too, for it was near

enough to the negro quarters so he could visit them, but it was sheltered by a large row of pines which kept out all noise and unwelcome intruders. For three weeks he lived there, getting up in the morning, cooking his meals, occasionally going to town, and wandering through the woods which surrounded the cabin. Then he met Pauline.

It had been on one of those trips through the woods. He had wandered aimlessly all morning, and in the heat of the noon-day sun felt tired. When he had come into a small clearing, he had lain down on the needles which covered the ground. He was lying there, watching the tops of the trees sway back and forth, breathing the fragrance of the pines, when suddenly he heard a voice, Pauline's voice. It had come clear and ringing, for somehow Pauline had avoided that habit of her race of overstrain in her voice when she sang:

Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit de battle of Jericho
An' de walls come tumblin' down.
Yo' may talk about yo' king of Gideon,
Yo' may talk about yo' man of Saul;
Dere's none like good ole Joshua
At de battle of Jericho.

Something about the song caught his attention. It was wild and at the same time quiet. It had the savage rhythm of Africa and yet the spirit of Christianity.

Up de walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in han'

The music stopped. Then she burst into the clearing.

There are some that will say that a Negress can never be beautiful. Maybe they are right, but you never want to bring up the question in front of Ross, for it will make him think of Pauline, that is, if he still remembers. She stood there a second with her black hair and eyes, with her straight, fine nose. Of the fact that there was something about her family that attracted white men there could be no doubt, judging from the light color of her skin. She appeared startled at first to find anyone in the clearing, but then with that

fearless and quiet way of hers she walked up to him and wished him a good afternoon. Then he, thinking of the Negro studies he was going to make, asked her to finish her song, as he wrote down the words in a small notebook.

“Go blow dem horns,” Joshua cried.

“Cause de battle am in my han,”

she chanted in response to his request.

Den de lam’ ram sheep horns, trumpets begin’ to soun’

Joshua commanded de chillun to shout

An’ de walls come tumblin’ down.

That was the beginning of their acquaintance.

Long months together followed. In the mornings they would go out with each other and tramp through the country side. She would point out the flowers to him and try to teach him their names. They would pick great branches of yellow jasmine and tie the stems with bits of Spanish moss which they had pulled from the lower branches of some magnolia tree. Or they would sit side by side, watching the sun trying to break through the misty grey streamers above, or look at the shadows made on the floor of the forest below, while she told him century old folk tales beneath century old oaks. Or yet again they would come to some swamp in the middle of the woods and laugh together at the cypress “knees,” those strange blunted roots which broke through the surface of the water like the fingers of some giant, reaching out of the blackness. In the evenings she would cook his supper, and afterwards, sitting on his porch would sing more songs from her unlimited store; but always before she took her way home through the darkness, she would hum the one which had been on her lips when she had first met him.

Yo’ may talk about yo’ king of Gideon

Yo’ may talk about yo’ man of Saul

Dere’s none like good ole Joshua

At de battle of Jericho.

And he would look forward to this and think that she sang it merely because it was her favorite and never guess the real reason. And all this in the name of his negro studies.

Every man has something of which he is afraid. Brave men will shudder at the thought of water, and others will dive two-fisted into a fight with the odds three to one against them and then draw back at the sight of a spider. Ross was afraid of neither of these, but he couldn't stand snakes. Once, years ago, as a small boy, he had been invited to a friend's party, the entertainment at which consisted mostly of going to the zoo. The rest of the boys had rushed towards the snake house; but Ross had drawn back, afraid. When the nurse, who was taking care of the group, tried to drag him in, he had broken into tears, had stormed and kicked, all of which had only caused him to be marked as strange by other parents than his own and also to increase his hate of reptiles. For over a year he had lived in the South without seeing one, until one evening, just as he was coming home at twilight, he saw the body of a snake in the path in front of him. He drew back in horror, but at the same time fascinated as he watched the reptile eat. It had caught a mouse and was devouring it, first by the head, then working its jaws until the feet were past, finally swallowing the entire animal. Ross remained there, sweat bursting from his forehead, and his head reeling with that strange fear he always had. Then from the porch came Pauline's voice, cool and quiet across the evening, bringing him to earth again, so that he ran towards her and clung to her arms. Then for the first time he knew he loved her.

After that the walks gained new significance, while the negro studies were dropped for the time being. He started to walk with Pauline for Pauline's sake. In the atmosphere in which he was living, far different than the North from where he came, he never dreamed of marriage, thinking it all could go on forever; and Pauline, with humility in her blood, bred from a hundred years of slavery, never mentioned it.

Ross led a healthy life, out of doors most of the day, eating the good food Pauline cooked for him, and sleeping well at night. All this, however, did not keep him from falling ill. One day he felt feverish while out walking, so he crawled back to his cabin. Pauline was in town, but that evening she came to see him before

she went home. With her hand on his head, in some way she lulled him to sleep. She spent the night with him, nursing him, comforting him, all the time humming:

Den de lam' ram sheep horns, trumpets begin' to soun'

Joshua commanded de chillun to shout

An' de walls come tumblin' down.

There was something quiet about her song now, something which soothed him, let him rest. For a week Pauline took care of him, never leaving his side, until one morning he felt well enough to see visitors.

If you ever pass through a negro community, you will see the ministers; there seem to be thousands of them, walking around. They are easy to pick out with their black frock coats and their kindly black faces with white whiskers flowing down each side. It was one of these who was Ross's first visitor, and it was he who first suggested that Ross get married. The idea came as rather a blow to the white man, for it isn't easy to tear away from all the ideals and customs you have been brought up with. So the two argued most of the afternoon, Ross asking why they couldn't go on the way they were, and the minister informing him that everyone was talking about them. The upstart of it was that a marriage day was set.

Ross got up early that morning. As he washed his face he couldn't help thinking how useless it was. If only his face could become dirty, dark and dirty, the leap would not be so great; but the Power which fashions our destinies willed that Pauline should be dark and Ross white, and also that they should fall in love. From Vantan Ross had ordered some dresses as a present for Pauline, lively colored dresses, because she was still negro enough to like gaudy clothes. Down at the little wooden church they were probably getting things all ready for the service that afternoon. He had agreed with Pauline not to see her until they met "forever" at the church. That would make it more of a happy surprise. So he had eight hours with nothing to do but get ready. He could walk through the woods again, but there was little point to that without Pauline; there was cleaning to be done, but a man doesn't devote his wedding day to

housework. So, as the only thing left, he started to lay out the dresses. There was a red one, an orange one, and a blue one, and as he looked at the hideous colors which his future wife was to wear and enjoy, that Power, which had ordered the preceding events caused something to snap inside him. With a flash of rage he flew at the dresses, tearing them with his fingernails, and throwing the shreds upon the floor. "My God!" he cried. "It can't be!" His years of strict upbringing rushed on him in one flood, his family, his friends, all his old ties with the North. What would the doctor say when he learned that his patient had married a negro? What would his family say? With trembling hands he drew a bag from a closet. His mind was in a turmoil, but still he knew where his belongings were. He pulled from the drawers and closets and corners enough clothes to last him a few days. The rest the Rochesters could send on, if they still were willing to do anything for him after they learned what he had done. He then picked up the bag and ran down to the road which led to the station. He had to wait only a second until the old man with his wagon and two mules passed by. Ross leaped onto the front seat and asked to be taken to the railroad, offering as fare a silver quarter.

"Yes, where was Pauline now?" He looked at his watch. Almost eight hours had passed by. "Had she reached the church yet, or was she still walking across the fields?" It may have been coincidence or it may have been that the Power was taking a hand again, but the old man began to hum, softly at first, but increasing in volume towards the end:

Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fit de battle of Jericho,
An' de walls come tumblin' down.

The Negro stopped. The smoke from his pipe floated around their heads, then, combining with the dust, formed one cloud and floated away.

SQUALL

BY EDWARD H. SEYMOUR

THE afternoon sun streamed down upon the two boys in the small sloop, covering them with the same radiance that gave the reflecting waves the sheen of molten brass. Frank, stocky and curly-haired, lay stretched out on the forward deck. With his head on his arm, which in turn rested upon the deck itself, he could hear clearly the murmuring and gurgling of the water as the bow rode through the small waves. His companion, Jim, held the tiller in one hand as he sat half erect with his long legs stretching across the cockpit from one side to the other. Conversation between the two young mariners had ceased some time ago, and, although they still had several miles to go before they reached the harbor, they had the rest of the day to do it in, and they let no thought of hurry disturb their peace. The wind was dying slowly, so slowly that one hardly noticed the slackening in speed of the white-sailed craft. Suddenly a rattle of pulleys broke the silence as the wind shifted and the boom swung in over the cockpit. Frank looked up and, following the direction of Jim's gaze, regarded the telltale, a colored pennant on the top of the mast. There was scarcely enough breeze to hold it out from its small staff, but it was moving uneasily from side to side as if the wind couldn't quite make up its mind in which direction to travel. Frank settled down on the deck again, watching the shore line swing past the forward stay as the other changed the course to get the benefit of what air there was left. As they slowly moved past a black can buoy with a white five painted on its side, a gull, who had been drowsily balancing himself to the buoy's sway in the tide, spread his wings and slowly flapped away.

Jim turned to look at the massive, creamy thunderheads which had been mounting gradually over the tree-covered mainland far on the other side of the bay, and he saw that they were breaking up into a murky wall of vapor as they approached. He raised his hand to a clam fisherman who chugged by in his small, decrepit looking launch with his long rakes sticking over the end of its homely cabin, and he noticed that the other clam and oystermen were heading back for the mainland side of the bay. "Blow coming, I guess," he called to Frank, who raised his head, surveyed the darkening northern sky, and nodded in agreement. He stood up, stretched, and stepped down into the cockpit beside the helmsman. After some discussion the boys decided to get ready for the squall, as it was evident that they could not make shore ahead of it; in fact, the boat had lost all its motion and was riding gently over the rapidly disappearing ripples. Jim left the tiller to its own whims and pulled the mainsail in over the boat as the other loosened the halyard on the cleat at the foot of the mast and began to lower the jib. After the jib had rattled down to the deck he cast off the main halyard, and the masthead pulley set up its familiar protesting, creak as the larger sail came down. Jim set up the brace for the boom and then fastened the sheet rope in order to keep the boom in place. Working silently, they reefed the sail so that when the storm let up they would be ready to take advantage of the remaining wind, and then they made the canvas fast, as well as the other gear in the boat, after which they sat down and watched the approach of the storm.

There is something about the calm just before a squall that is awe-inspiring. The sun was disappearing behind the dark bank of clouds, which were now close enough so that the long, rolling, unbroken leading cloud, which seems to stretch completely across the dome of the sky as it runs in front of a squall, could be seen. In the direction of the blow the water looked like a black mirror, and the most distant sounds could be heard clearly. The white birds sitting on the fishtrap almost a mile away stood out against the dark background, and their shrill cries could be heard over the water. A train hooted dismay back on the mainland, and the lads conversed in soft tones. For a moment the sun imparted a golden fringe to the masses of vapor, then it disappeared entirely.

"Here she comes," Frank remarked, as the first gust or so ruffled the water in patches. The gusts came harder and faster,

white caps began to appear on the water which had been so calm a moment ago, and the small boat danced in the quickly increasing sea. A curtain of rain hid the north shore, and then the storm was on them in all its force. The thunder, which had been gradually increasing in intensity, roared over their heads. The boys looked at each other and grinned a bit apprehensively as the flickering, crashing tongue of a lightning streak reached down to the water not far away; their mast with its metal stays was an ideal lightning rod, but if it should be hit, the top would be badly split. They were rocking violently, but the boat was a seaworthy one and the high coamings turned back the water which came pouring over the deck. The rain hissed as it met the waves and smoothed them down a little; it stung as it hit the bare backs of the sailors, who had shoved most of their clothing up under the deck near the bow. As the top of a particularly large sea entered the cockpit, Frank decided to get the pump out so that it would be handy, but the violence of the squall was abating, the worst had passed almost as quickly as it came. Although there was still a strong wind, the rain had stopped and the sun could be seen shining from behind the storm on the town on the northern shore. They unlashed the boom, Frank took the tiller, and Jim set about hoisting their reefed mainsail. It whipped and snapped in the breeze and as it filled the boat heeled over suddenly and began to gather speed. Spray was flying over the bow and it was a little precarious for Jim to get out on the slanting, thoroughly wet canvas deck and raise the foresail. They were now traveling at a good rate and their wake foamed behind them as the craft's nose pointed for the home harbor. The stays vibrated and the little telltale fluttered wildly at the masthead. With the wind on the beam they soon drew near to shore and, like a dipping gull, they came through the anchored yachts in front of the yacht club. The jib rattled down again, the mainsheet blocks squealed as Frank let the sheet go and pushed the tiller down to swing up to the mooring. As he grasped the small boat which they had left fastened to the mooring buoy, "Okay," sang out Jim, and they were home again.

SLANG! MR. SHAKESPEARE

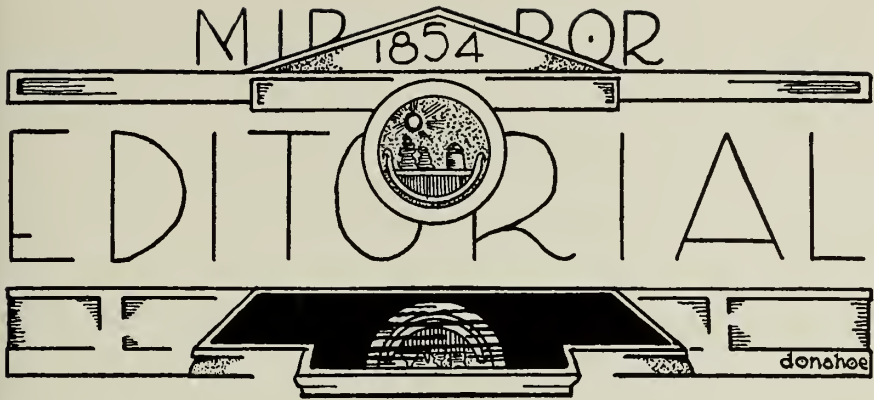
BY RICHARD S. DAVIS

Not so hot.
Beat it.
If he fall in, good night.
It was all Greek to me.
A hell of a time.
I hope to frame thee.
She falls for it.
Dead as a doornail.
Good night nurse.
How you do talk.
Go hang yourself.
Done me wrong.

I FATE?

BY EARLE W. NEWTON

Every picture framed is framed
Because it wants to be;
Every man looks up because
He wants, he longs to see.



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EDITORIAL

AVE AND FAREWELL

Hail and farewell! There comes the traditional litany of the departing editor, mourning for his prospective dust-covered typewriter. Perhaps he even feels sentimental enough to dust off the machine once a month and say to himself, "We were once the Editor." He will revel in the editorial "we" and the capital letters, and confidently express, to himself, the opinion that the publication has fallen completely into decadence since he left. Ah, yes, it is with a tear in his eye that an editor leaves the magazine, the destiny of which he has so long had in the palm of his hand that it seems his own. Editors are pretty generally a sentimental bunch, anyhow.

It is with many such feelings we hand over the *Mirror* to the Editor and board of next year, lamenting its loss, but sure that it will meet with greater success in the hands of our successors. We have before stated the purposes we started out with at the beginning. As always we have consummated some of these; others we are compelled to bequeath to the unlucky sufferer who ascends to our throne, (as we delight to call it). Our principal purpose has been to lighten the tone of the *Mirror* as a whole. Humour, of course, was the first thing that came to mind, and humour the school demanded. In vain we protested, as the countless boards before us had done, that restrained and generally good wit does not flow easily from the pen of the prep school student. We were continually asked, "Why not more humour?" So we succumbed, and projected a Winter issue of wit, wisdom, and gayety. We published some pretty sad cartoons in the very first number (this is throwing mud at no one but ourselves; we did them all). But when the winter issue came around it was clear that too many wanted to read humour and too few wanted to write it: little was published. Wells Lewis's "Song of the Philosophers" was a delightful collection of limericks, — nonsense rhymes, — and Jack Minor's "The Pig Has His Day" was an admirably restrained satire; otherwise wit, satire, and "humour" did not come through with the goods. With great and magnificently unusual restraint we keep ourselves from yelling, "We told you so," and

went ahead on other ideas of how to lighten it. Truly, we would have liked to see some humour, hoped muchly for it, but had little expectations of finding it. We're sorry, but "humour" can't be helped. We do feel, however, that the most effective way of lightening a magazine without changing its basic make-up, is not to put in entirely *different* material, but to root out the *old dead* material. Essays and ponderous dissertations consist of much of this matter. Oh, we do not deny their excellence; some of the work done here along that line would do credit to a professor. But *Mirror* work is intended for popular consumption, and fine as they are, they are not the type of things one reads in a leisure moment. Short stories seem to evoke the most interest, and by making the greater part of the magazine consist of these, we sincerely believe that some of the burdensomeness of the publication has been removed. That however, can be decided only by its readers. But we might well close this weighty essay, or we ourselves shall be accused of committing the same crime we broke our backs to squelch. We do feel, however, that we should at least say what we were after in the main, that you may decide, O readers, whether we have accomplished anything at all. You, and you only, will decide.

And as a parting word we wish to acknowledge our great indebtedness to Harry B. Hollander, '34, business manager, going out with us, who, by his continued efforts on the financial end of the magazine, has made its issuance this year possible.

Having had our "farewell," we submit our "hail." We are delighted to announce that Alexander B. Adams will have his feet on the editor's desk next year, and Kenneth H. Dickey will occupy the business manager's couch. Andrew W. Wingate, well-known hurdler, will come back to earth to take up the art editor's pencil. And so: ave, and farewell!

EARLE W. NEWTON, '34

Editor-in-Chief

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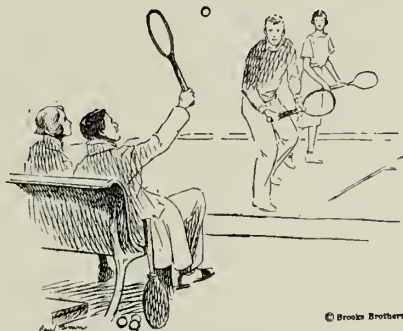
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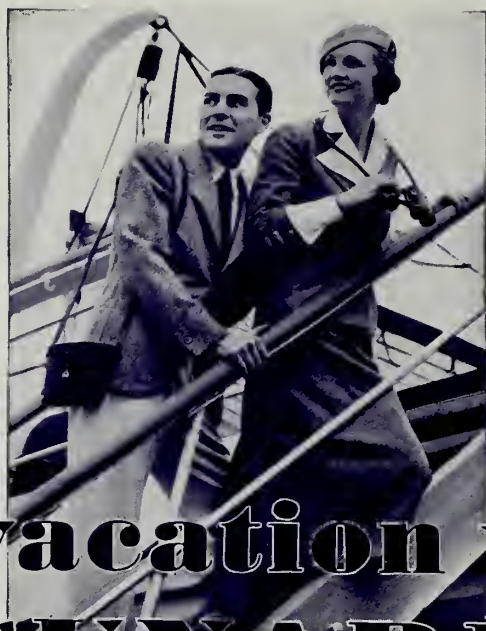
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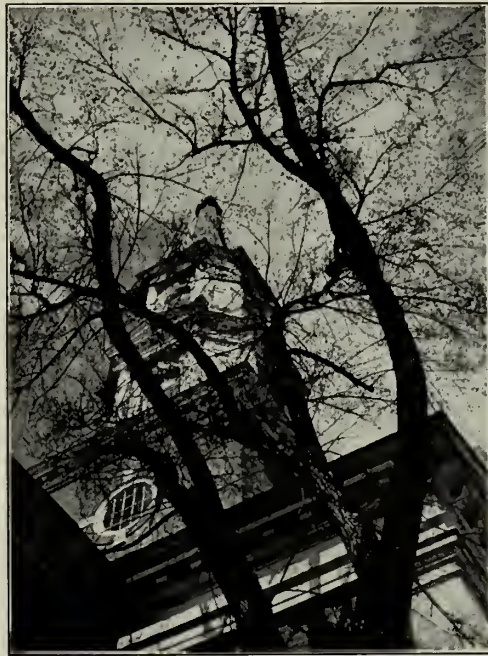
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MIRROR



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winter

1935

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TO BE AN ANDOVER MAN

To be an Andover man
You have to smoke and swear all you can
You should wear trousers with the cuffs rolled up or display the
pressing tag behind when your pair of pants returns
From Burns
You ought to know that a hot rock is not a rock that is hot, weeds
are not wild flowers that grow in your garden, and that twirp is not
What
The birdies say
And even that's not O. K.
To be an Andoverite
You should really insist you were never so tight
As you were on that certain night
You have to resist the temptation to pun
And must shun
All those you don't wish to know
With a harsh response or a sour "hullo"
To be from "old P. A."
You should feature in every extra-curricular way
You must star on the football team and walk like a fierce and
formidable bow-legged gorilla
And you're not still a
Blue man if you don't constantly haunt the gunk
Or go in to Boston and get drunk
Continually
And when I say Boston you must understand that I am referring
to that evil town up here in historic Massachusetts which may, of
course, be called the home of the knave and the land of the spree.

MIRROR REFLECTIONS

WHILE engaged in treading the light fantastic at one of New York's many Christmas dances, one of the girls went up to the orchestra leader and said, "You're the Top," meaning, of course, for him to play the tune. But evidently he didn't take it that way, for he yelled after her, "You telling me, baby!"

Being under strict orders to show our cousin the sights of the town, we decided to drive her through Central Park after dark. Approaching the 59th Street entrance, we pointed out to her the Essex House on our right. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that several of the great red letters which make up the sign were out, the result being an undistinguishable mess. It was not till later that we found the reason for this. It seems some playful college boy got into the room which contains the hotel switchboard.

It has long been the custom at many of the New York dances for the patronesses to stand in a long line by the door and shake hands with all those who enter. At the head of the line there is a butler who announces the names. We always looked with dread on this performance for it never varied, and we really didn't give a hang anyhow. We never knew the patronesses and they never knew us. This vacation, however, we saw our first change in the usual program. A young man with his shirt front sparkling white and his trousers beautifully pressed strode lightly up the stairs. Approaching the butler, he grasped that worthy's hand warmly and said, "Good evening, sir, so nice of you to invite me."

Coming home from a party early one morning, a gentleman of our acquaintance saw ahead of him a milk wagon, progressing at a very low rate of speed. He began to speculate and finally decided that there was no reason on earth why he shouldn't be able to keep up with it. Furthermore being in the playful mood which generally follows midnight celebrations, he put his thoughts into action. For three blocks he ran alongside the wagon, his opera hat pushed way back and his tails flying in every direction. After some time the silence was finally broken by the voice of the driver through the window, saying, "Some exercise, eh, old man!"

THE EDITORS

ANTICIPATION AND REALIZATION

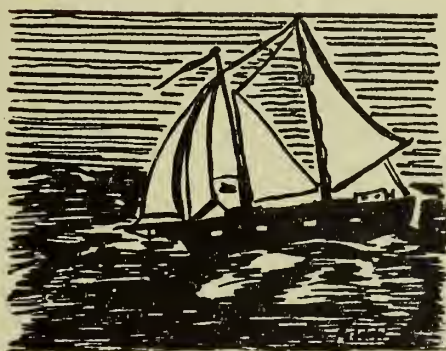
BY ALLEN P. HARVEY

What is this abstract thing anticipation?
Vain hope, I say, or idle expectation.
How futile is this groundless thought,
In what unconscious bliss 'tis wrought.
For is it not almost always true
That anticipation is for you
A far more pleasant happy state
Than realization—the prosaic fate.

COAST PATROL

A Dark Night off Providence and a Burning Ship

BY ROBERT COTTON



I had been first mate of the *Gaspee* for only three weeks when I stepped into the cabin to find the captain pacing about in a high rage. This was not unusual, but I had never seen him in such a height of fury.

"These confounded yokels in Providence have had the nerve to threaten me!" he roared. "Say they will see to it that I will regret it if I do not recall that last smuggler we captured back here for adjudication. Naturally I send it away! I know perfectly (damned) well these Rhode Island magistrates will let the owners off with a tuppence fine or some such rot. I won't stand for these outrages any longer!"

The captain was a fiery old fellow, and had gained a great deal of unpopularity with the colonists because of his rigid and eagle-eyed enforcement of the Navigation Acts. Our ship, the *Gaspee*, was a fast one, and even in my three weeks' tenure of the first mate's berth we had run down seven smugglers. We ran a patrol up and down the Connecticut and Rhode Island coast, and whenever I was ashore, especially in Providence, I felt as if I were treading on explosion-threatened ground, so obvious was the intense enmity of the colonists. Feeling had reached such a high pitch that I could not

help but entertain a secret dread of our overnight stay back at Providence that night.

However, my watch was at hand, so I went out on the poop deck. I could see, from there, the bow facing a heavy, spray-blown sea, blanketed by night and fog.

The bow watch paced back and forth in his cold vigil, continually raising his head, trying to pierce with his eyes the mist ahead, occasionally intruding upon the sea's roar with a cry to the watch in the crow's nest.

The bow watch suddenly wheeled around and bellowed at me. "Surf dead ahead!" Before I had even time to call to the helmsman, the ship gave a violent lurch to port accompanied by an ear-shattering sound of scraping. "We're aground!" came the cry from the masthead.

The captain burst out of the door. "Aground, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Yes, sir. Evidently off Warwick. I see lights yonder."

A brief survey convinced us that there was nothing to do but wait for the rise of the tide, which was going out at the time. Warwick was a small town nine or ten miles below Providence which had nothing of any interest, so we decided to stay aboard. It was only a short while before we heard cries from the shore, indicating discovery of our plight. We identified ourselves by dint of much shouting and told them we needed no help.

All was quiet for the ensuing three hours, by which time the tide had reached its ebb. About midnight the man on watch came below to wake us up with a report of fires and commotion on the beach. We dressed and went out on deck, where a disturbing sight met our eyes. Hundreds of people were gathered around bonfires on the beach, and the murmur of their talk reached us above the surf's roar. Suddenly a great cheer arose from the crowd and they flocked in a body down to the water's edge, where they stopped but momentarily, pressing on into the surf toward the ship, which lay in about five feet of water.

The captain stood at the landward rail, gazing at them. "Mr. Reynolds, they are attacking us. I can't fire at the poor fools." He wheeled about and snapped at the quartermaster, "Rouse the men and equip them with belaying pins or clubs." The mob advanced, screaming, gesticulating, shaking their fists at us. The crew was on deck immediately, and under the captain's orders arrayed itself on the landward rail and awaited the mob.

The front ranks reached the ship's side and began to clamber up, only to be driven back by a hard-hitting crew. They continued to come on. The struggle at the rail grew more and more furious—the belaying pins rose and fell incessantly; unconscious bodies dropped into the water but still more boarders advanced. Outnumbered ten to one, we could not hold on long, and when the mob fell back for respite, the captain ordered us to take to the boats. We lowered them on the seaward side, aided greatly by the list in that direction. It was not until we dropped into the boats that we discovered that a stray shot from one of the few guns used had wounded the captain.

As we rowed away, we watched the scene behind us. The riot-crazed colonists were clambering on to the decks and smashing whatever confronted them. Soon smoke began to rise from the ship, and as flames appeared the vandals swarmed off into the water. All that night, as we tramped up the coast to the Providence fort and safety, I saw again and again in my mind's eye my last view of the *Gaspee*. Surrounded by the mist and the black of the night, the flames that had been the *Gaspee* soared high into the fog.

A Punster Starts To Work On Victrola Records

Dinah, that *Old Smoothie* in the *Old Gray Bonnet*, was seen at *The Easter Parade* which was held at *Forty-Second Street*—that *Street Of Dreams*. When *Alexander's Ragtime Band Struck Up The Band*, the *Forgotten Men Shuffled Off To Buffalo* in their *Bugle-Call Rags*. *It Must Be True* that that *Sophisticated Lady*, *Sweet Sue*, who was with *Dinah* was the *Talk Of The Town*; for when a *Nasty Man* said, "*Let's Fall In Love*," she replied, "*I Hate Myself for Trying To Live Without You*. I always said *You're Goin' To Lose Your Gal*, but now I'm singing *The Song Of Surrender* and *Whispering Love Is The Sweetest Thing*. I have *Time On My Hands*, so *Let's Call It A Day* and *Night And Day* I'll be *Living My Life For You, Body And Soul*. We will spend *A Thousand Good Nights* and as sure as *Ol' Man River's Black Bottom* is *Under A Blanket Of Blue*, I'll *Follow You*.

Down The Old Ox Road After Sundown the *All-American Girl* is usually *At Your Command*.

Someone Stole Gabriel's Horn and had the angels *Crying Again*. They couldn't keep *Temptation On The Right Side Of The Road* and it was *Too Late*. The Lord said, "*I'm Satisfied to Do The New Low Down*. I *Like Mountain Music Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere*, and you better *Get Yourself A New Broom* for *I'm Runnin' Wild*. *Hand Me Down My Walking Cane* and *I'll Drop Me Off At Harlem*. *How Am I Doin', Hey! Hey! (Is That Religion?)*

Fools In Love say *Gather Lip Rouge While You May*; but *Gosh Darn, Be Careful*, because if you go *Goofus*, it will just be *Farewell To Arms*. *Crazy People* go *Buckin' The Wind*, but *Heaven Only Knows* that *Blue Moments* are the result of a *Wild Goose Chase*, and although *You've Got Everything*, *It's Gonna Be You* who will *Have The Right To Sing The Blues*.

SAME NIGHT

Savage Night

Wild fires glowing
Tom-tom tapping
Warriors assembling
Weird
Strange
Haunting rhythm
Tom-tom tapping
Solemn stillness
Tom-tom tapping
Into the night

Eskimo Night

Long
Dreary
Dull gloom
Small whale-oil fire
Smoke-filled ogloo
Mother and child
Seal meat and blubber
Cold-hard-raw
Seal meat and blubber
Just like night

Plain Night

Men sing
Horses sleep
Cattle stray
Fire dying
Sleep coming
Bodies shift
Banjos dead
Fire dead
Men dead
To the night

Paris Night

Smooth lights
Champagne
Follies Bergeres
Painted lips
Enticing smiles
Seductive charms
Fast music
Slow music
Caution!
No need for fire

Broadway Night

Sharp lights
Horns
Glaring lights
Squeaks
Just jazz
No more "speak"
More lights
Burlesque
Caution will do no good
No need for fire

Dark Night

Grandpa's singin' ol' River songs
To the chillun
Cozy fire
Steamboat steams almost silently by
Little Sam harmonizes on his harmonica
Flash teeth escape a joyous smile
Pickaninny brother tap-dances
River's rhythm sways within those darkies
River's night is
Dark night

Harlem Night

Hot jazz

Hot women

Hot times

Love's fire

Hot lights

High fascination

Hot everything

Everything HOT

No need to say

No need for fire

Nature's Night

Moon lights

Deep night

Reflections lead the Human Soul

Crackling fire

Light winds creep through drooping trees

Waves alight safely on pebbled shore

Still night

Mysterious shadows playing on the ground

Prowling, preying beasts

Sylvan silence struck by stealthy sounds

T. O. B.

PRO

THE week-end situation has not been looked at impartially. It is easy to complain of "rights" being taken away, but few bother to ascertain the facts. Last year only a very few took their full allotment of excuses, and the majority of these were students of such low scholastic standing that they should not have been allowed to leave. Those who do wish excuses, and are up in their work, can still get them for any reasonable purpose without much difficulty.

Thus week-ends and day excuses have been put on a common sense basis. If a boy can afford to miss the work or time, he is usually allowed to go; if he cannot spare the time without serious damage, he is not allowed to do so. What could be fairer?

In other words, is it fair to a boy to give him an inordinately large amount of responsibility? Are boys of prep school age able to bear such a burden with profit? From casual examination, it does not appear so. Look around yourselves; aren't there many boys who simply because they don't *have* to study, practically never do? And isn't study one of the paramount purposes of school? Particularly in the lower classes, there is a considerable influence exerted on a boy not to work. The only conclusion that can be drawn from these and other examples is that the majority of prep school students are unable to employ advantageously too much liberty. Freedom does not mean that every boy will do as he pleases, it means rather that he will do what the "crowd" does. And the actions of this "crowd" are rarely those that ought to be emulated. Most people are by their very nature incapable of acting with free will; since they cannot lead themselves, they must follow. And surely it is wiser to follow a course laid down by experienced men than one by supposedly sophisticated students. There is time enough in later life for anyone to learn to take care of himself; but why push him out to shift for himself when he is not yet mature and able to do so?

For these reasons therefore, we are not sorry to see some of these unwarranted liberties taken away and wise restrictions put in their place. Such a policy, like castor oil, may be unpopular, but we are convinced that it is in the best interests of the student body.

METIS

CON

WHAT is the point of cutting down on our week-ends? Hasn't it always been the theory of this school to give more and more liberty to its students, and not less and less? And besides, what earthly reason can be given for not allowing a student who is up in his work to go home several times a term? But it isn't so much the weekends themselves that are at stake; students who could never utilize the week-ends are worried about their being taken away. The issue concerned is that the school may adopt a policy of gradually cutting down on liberties and hemming in the students.

Andover has long been famous for giving its pupils an astonishing amount of liberty and responsibility, and particularly for its not laying down a lot of petty little rules. Are we going to see this school changed into one of the countless prep-schools that keep a hungry eye on a boy's every action? There are few influences more deadening than a large number of arbitrary and unimportant rules. He is deprived of all sense of responsibility, and the time when he does have to shift for himself is made that much harder. The person who does nothing except under the supervision and advice of the school soon becomes unable to think and act for himself.

Just look at the advantages of giving a person a large amount of responsibility. The incoming prep, who at home has been in many cases tightly tied down, is allowed to do pretty much as he pleases. He goes to bed when he likes, studies when he likes, plays when he likes. He becomes conscious of having to depend on his own efforts, and not on the kindly arm of some older person. There is nothing that brings the best out of a person more than making him stand on his own two feet.

In view of this, therefore, why is it not advisable to carry this policy out in practice? At present we do have a great deal of liberty, and we are not complaining. But there does seem to be a trend towards depriving us of this freedom. Let us discourage this dangerous development before it gains too strong a foothold and turns Phillips Academy from an institution that develops character into one that fetters all initiative.

NEMO

MICHIKO

Why Yoshi Found Magic in a Priest's Flute

BY JACK W. HALL

ON her eighth birthday Michiko was told that she was no longer a child and was to help in managing the household affairs. So in a day her whole life changed from play to business. She helped her mother mend clothes and prepare the food, or, when her father brought home some guests, she waited on them in a quiet and gracious manner. She was taught to take care of the family shrine, to arrange flowers, and to place the proper hanging in the alcove for each season. Nowhere in the world do women possess such simplicity of soul and grace of manner as in Japan, and Michiko learned to be obeisant and never to show anger, sorrow, or jealousy but to overcome them with sweetness. Her father, Yoshi, whom she had played with so happily now became a man to be revered, and it was only in her mother that she found a real companion. Thus when Michiko lost her mother she lost her best friend, yet she did not show her feelings. Her only reaction was to become more tender and helpful toward her father.

Not long after her mother's death Yoshi took another wife, Haru. Haru did not come from as fine a family as his former wife, and her manners were often rude and distasteful to him. Yoshi frequently rebuked her for her harshness and in time grew farther and farther away from her. Haru disliked to be thrust aside in this manner, and her anger grew very rapidly. One day she asked permission to make a pilgrimage to the temple of Amida. Secretly, however, she

carried with her a bundle of headless nails with which she tacked on one of the inner walls a request that she be avenged.

Soon after this act Yoshi was called to the Capital by his lord. Michiko prepared his clothes and bade him a cheerful farewell, yet she was very sad to see her father leave. Every day she placed in the southern corner of his room a tray of miniature dishes filled with rice and water. Every morning she looked to see if the covers of the bowls were moist, for if she found them heavily beaded she knew that her father was safe. Now that Yoshi had gone Haru became spiteful toward Michiko. She treated the child rudely and found all manner of occasions to scold her. Yet to all this Michiko replied with a sweetness, a sweetness which only increased Haru's anger. Finally her emotions flared up. She acted quickly without thinking, and that night buried the young girl in a corner of the rock garden.

It was many days before Haru had the courage to peep into the garden again, but when she did she was amazed to find a fully grown bamboo spreading its rustling leaves over the spot where the body lay. A priest who chanced by at that moment was struck by its great size. "I could make a fine flute out of that, if you will sell it to me," he said. Haru was glad enough to get the money he offered for it but cautioned him never to blow his instrument toward the south.

It was truly a marvelous flute which the priest made out of the bamboo, and every night after his prayers had been read he sat on the veranda under the hanging lanterns of his temple and played. "Ah," he said, "what a wonderful tone it has. I wonder why she told me not to play it toward the south. Could it not be that the music will sound better if I turn in that direction?" And so he turned toward the south and began to play.

All this time Yoshi was very busy in the southern Capital. He called upon his lord in the morning and in the afternoon walked up and down the gay streets, gazing at the stores with their brilliant dis-

plays of lacquers and silks. One night he was awakened by the sound of a flute. He listened, and above the strains of music he heard a girl's voice crying in slow sobs, "Father, why don't you come home?" Yoshi was much disturbed. He took hasty leave of his lord and in a short time arrived home. The place was deserted, for Haru had fled, never to be seen again. Some say she turned into a fox, but that will never be known for a fact. Yoshi did not marry again. He became a quiet man who seldom went out, but it was noticed that he was frequently seen in a nearby temple listening to a certain priest play on his flute.



THE PREP'S PROGRESS

"Just What the Name Implies"

BY CHARLES WING

Canto the First.

IT is evening. The prep is sitting on the bed, thoughtfully picking his toes. His parents have just left him; his roommate is snoring harshly. The light in the ceiling sheds a despondent glow over the disordered room. The prep gazes dully around him and sighs. No aspiration is in that sigh, no hope, no gladness, no ambition, only dull pain. The prep's feet ache; his back aches; his whole body aches. It is his first day in the new school, and the prep isn't very happy. He goes to the mirror, looks at his face. He sighs again. Oh, how homely he feels! Every blemish, every blackhead, every pimple etches itself in his mind; his sandy hair, his indeterminate eyes, fill him with disgust. He remembers those fellows up by the Senior fence. Smooth, well-dressed. He looks at his very ordinary clothes, his very ordinary face, and sighs again, and turns away from the mirror. He puts out his hand, turns out the light, and crawls into bed. Huh, no fear of falling out of this bed, the doggone springs almost hit the floor. He rolls around in bed; he can't get to sleep. He doesn't feel homesick; he knows that he's too big to feel homesick. But life looks bleak, awfully bleak, to him. Oh well, he thinks, I guess everybody feels this way. He grunts, rolls over again, and soon falls asleep.

Canto the Second.

Comes the dawn. The prep also rises, and after performing the obligatory rites, walks to the Commons. He doesn't know a soul; neither does his roommate; they cling together like two frightened

rabbits. They put on a pitiful exhibition of nonchalance and talk and say the same things over and over again, trying to look as if they were old boys comparing remembrances. They enter the Commons, bolt their food, and at the same time complain about it, because the fellow next to them is complaining, and he looks like an "old boy." They leave the Commons; they enter George Washington Hall; they listen to some professor talk about something. They don't know what he is talking about, but they are sure that Andover is a swell school, and that they will have to work hard, and will undoubtedly be better and wiser when they leave. The prep now leaves his roommate and goes to his eight o'clock class. He files in silently, sits down. He grins at the fellow next to him. The other fellow grins back; he doesn't know anybody either. The professor calls the roll, seats them in alphabetical order, and tells them what books they will need. He then outlines the program for the year, while the preps gaze dolefully at him, wondering how hard he will be and why his glasses don't fall off. The professor finishes; the prep files out. He walks down the Vista. The sun is shining. The prep goes up to his room, looks out of the window. The grass is green; the birds are singing; life begins to take on a more roseate hue. Suddenly bliss is shattered. A voice cries:

"Hi, Prep!"

The prep looks down. On the sidewalk stands a diminutive but belligerent Senior, and beside him stands a trunk the size of an ice box. The prep sighs, slowly descends the stairs, and comes out upon the sidewalk. There he finds another unfortunate to help him carry the trunk. They grasp the thing; they strain; they heave; the trunk slowly rises. With many grunts and frequent halts, they carry the trunk to its destination. The Senior follows behind, making sarcastic comments, and obviously worn out from carrying a hat in his hand for almost one hundred yards. Up three flights of stairs the two preps go, groaning, sweating, silently cursing. Ah-h, at last!

"Thanks, preps."

They leave.

Canto the Third.

The prep sits sweating before his locker. His face is one great smear of sweat and grime; he smells. He slowly peels off his socks, then his sweater; then a pair of limp and soggy shoulder guards. He sits and sweats. The air is heavy, redolent of soiled socks and Lifebuoy. The prep leans his back against the wall and thinks. God, he'd been worked today! They did nothing but yell at you to keep your tail down, get low, charge hard. That fellow opposite him had been some bruiser, all right. Heat. Weariness. The prep looks dully at his watch. A quarter to four and he has a four o'clock! He jumps up, rushes into the showers, rushes out again. He dries himself with feverish haste, throws on his clothes. He hurls his uniform into his locker and tears out of the locker room and into the clear, clean, light of day. The bell hasn't rung yet. The prep dawdles. He is still weary, but it is now pleasant weariness. He resolves to try hard and be on the first team. He hasn't studied for his four o'clock class, but the prof doesn't call on him so it's all right.

Canto the Fourth.

The rating is at hand. The prep studies until all hours of the night. He is flooded with exams. He learns to go to bed early, to concentrate. He flunks one subject, gets an honor in another. Work, work, more work. He falls into bed dead tired every night. The Exeter game comes, the prep throws his cap away. Day follows day with astonishing rapidity. Week follows week. Exams again. Vacation!

Canto the Fifth.

The scene is laid in a Pullman car. The prep is sitting in a Pullman chair, and reading the comic strip of the *New York American*, "the paper for people who think." The "Katzenjammer Kids" are earnestly perused, and the paper is laid down. The prep yawns, stretches, and straightens his collar. There he is, complete from head to foot, the Andover boy. A little taller than when he entered, a little heavier, certainly a little more wide-awake and intelligent,

but above all, more "smooth." Brown felt hat, tab shirt, wool tie, double-breasted suit, socks to match the handkerchief, brown shoes, and, on the hook above the prep, a light brown polo coat. Such are the garments of the Andover boy. The train whistle blows. The prep looks up; familiar scenery flashes past his eyes. He nonchalantly rises, dons his coat unhurriedly, deftly takes his suitcase from the rack above his head, and is standing by the door when the train pulls into the station. The train stops. The prep descends, hands his bags to a porter as if his bags were always carried by porters. The porter obsequiously takes the bags and remarks over his shoulder to the prep, "Feels good to get out of college for awhile, don't it, suh?" The prep swells visibly and feels very mature. The porter walks on, chuckles, and says to himself, "Guess Ah makes fifty cents this time."



FROM THE SECOND BALCONY

Theatrical Previews

BY RICHARD S. DAVIS

THE season has started off with a bang, bang! New plays opening, revivals of old productions, lively musical revues, and several foreign actresses. . . . an enormous amount of entertainment is offered in New York and on the road. Some plays have already closed, many will continue for a long time yet, and others are to open later. This winter Boston her lonely vigil does not keep! The best the legitimate is presenting among its sophisticated repertory are:

"The Distaff Side," a Van Druten comedy, provides sterling English acting. Dame Sybil Thorndike is seen as a charming daughter and mother in this story of three generations of a family.

"Merrily We Roll Along" by George Kaufman and Moss Hart is a dramatic hit. The play actually begins in this year of grace and rolls back to 1916. Cecilia Loftus and Mary Philips are included in a *Dramatis Personae* that excels in comparing worldly achievement.

"Within The Gates" symbolizes our life today. Sean O'Casey lays the scene in Hyde Park in every season of the year. Some of the park's frequenters are Lillian Gish, Mary Morris, and Bramwell Fletcher.

"Anything Goes" requires no further explanation than Victor Moore is in it along with Ex-president Wintergreen, Ethel Merman, and Bettina Hall. It is a scream!

"Conversation Piece," Noel Coward's latest, brings Yvonne Printemps from gay Paree. One says her French is irritating, but the

songs, sentiment, and wit of the Brighton of the Regency are enjoyable.

"L'Aiglon" has been revived with Eva Le Gallienne, Ethel Barrymore and her children. This time the play is in both prose and poetry by Clemence Dane. The King of Rome would probably have liked the added musical score Rostand's version did not have.

"The Farmer Takes A Wife" by Mr. Connelly, invites you friends to see a homely picture of life on the Erie Canal before the days of the iron horse. It is pleasingly unsophisticated and has some very funny characters in it (Herb Williams and Margaret Hamilton).

"Dodsworth" is still going strong on Broadway because of its fine acting. Sidney Howard and Sinclair Lewis have Fay Bainter and Walter Huston go abroad together, and she returns alone when you expect him to.

"Say When" with Bob Hope, Harry Richman, Linda Watkins, and buxom Cora Witherspoon is full of girls and gags. A house party, a smuggled ring, and a mistress add to funny complications.

"Life Begins At 8:40" moves gayly on after 8:40 with Bert Lahr, Luella Gear, and Ray Bolger. It's musical and rather clever. You will like the songs better than those of "Say When," "Anything Goes," and the other revues.

"Calling All Stars" is worth seeing for the hilly-billy, the operating, the streamline train, and the Mrs. Wimbledon-Frignals scenes alone. It has a cast of radio stars. You have already heard the fellows who went away for Thanksgiving sing the tunes from it.

CINEMA LIST

BY RICHARD S. DAVIS

The illegitimate stage has some pleasant new motion pictures to offer.

<i>Nell Gwyn</i>	A bawdy English film
<i>Imitation of Life</i>	This is Claudette Colbert's latest
<i>Flirtation Walk</i>	You have heard the song from it
<i>One Night of Love</i>	Grace Moore's voice is worth hearing twice
<i>The Painted Veil</i>	Exotic Greta Garbo again
<i>Music in the Air</i>	Gloria Swanson strikes back
<i>The President Vanishes</i>	Good rumors are circulating about it
<i>Here Is My Heart</i>	Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle make music
<i>The Pursuit of Happiness</i>	Love and comedy in revolutionary times
<i>Babes In Toyland</i>	Laurel and Hardy at their merriest
<i>The Captain Hates the Sea</i>	Ten stars are in this movie
<i>Kid Millions</i>	We want Cantor, and we've got him
<i>The Private Life of Don Juan</i>	If you haven't seen Douglas Fairbanks since you were six
<i>The Mighty Barnum</i>	with Wallace Beery

STRIKE ONE!

An Informal History Of The Term

THE term has gone—and it's been eventful. Two events stand out in retrospection. First, Exeter has been *skunked*. It started with soccer, and certainly "Jim" and his troop deserve praise for an undefeated season—scored on only once! Right in line with the custom which the soccer team started (a little plagiarism from Dr. Fuess's rally speech) came the football team. For the first time in years Andover has won the three major sports in one year, ending with a football victory against heavy odds. Hats off to "Shep," Capt. "Bob" Sears, Capt.-elect "Buzz" Graham, and the team!

The second event is the appointment of Lawrenceville's headmaster. We've lost a faculty member and his wife who were one of us in spirit. It was hard to see them go;—but now that they've gone, more power to the Heelys and to Lawrenceville.

The success in extra-curriculum activities was all musical! Roland Hayes, the Don Cossacks, and Ramin stand out among the "good" music. The movies have been grand (thanks, I understand, to Mr. Sarnoff). *The Gay Divorcee*, *Count of Monte Cristo*, and last but the greatest of them all, *One Night of Love*. Two tea dances, one after the Yale Freshman game, one after the Exeter game, were swell, were *pretty* good, were rotten. Check the one you want. There's too much dissension to state definitely. Anyway, there were two tea dances, and every one seemed to enjoy them during their duration.

Incidentally, I think everyone agrees with me in giving Mrs. Cleveland her "due felicitations." Beginning with the first day of the term she has brought order out of chaos in the "Beanery." The

waiters are far more efficient—the students much more civilized. It promised to be a man-sized job—but Mrs. Cleveland has done it with great efficiency backed by the authority of Dr. Fuess and the administration of Mr. Frazier.

Early cold (very cold in spots) gives hopes for a real hockey season with new material a-plenty. A ski-team is in the offing, a new line of sport for those who can take it, or who have taken it for so long they're numb to it.

Now we come to vacation. For thirteen weeks we've waited. And when you read this, if you read this, you'll all be back again. Merry Christmas is useless. Happy New Year still holds good—Happy New Year!

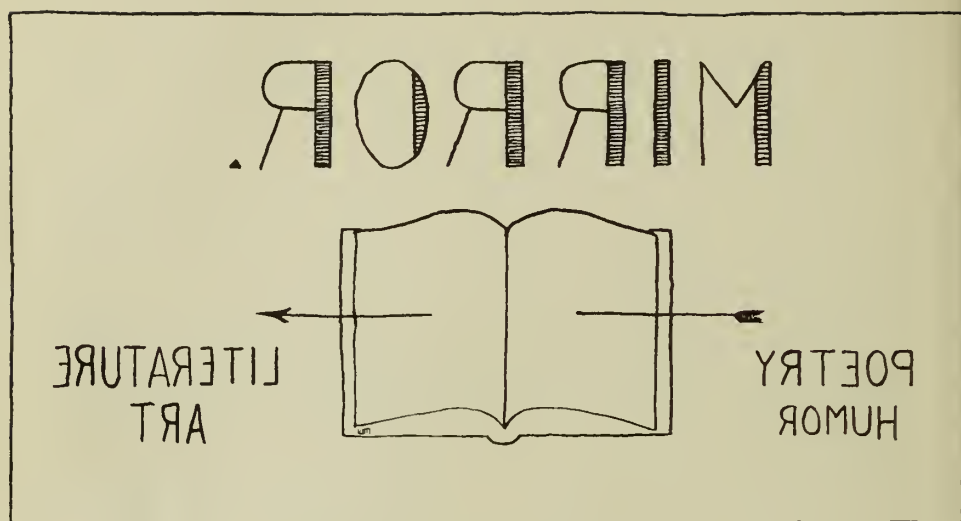
Bottoms up,—Herman.

FOOTBALL SCORES

Sept. 29	Andover	0	New Hampton School	6
Oct. 6	postponed		Harvard Freshmen	
Oct. 13	Andover	6	Yale Freshmen	0
Oct. 20	Andover	20	Brown Freshmen	21
Oct. 27	Andover	21	N. H. State Freshmen	0
Nov. 3	Andover 2nd	6	Harvard Freshmen 2nd	0
Nov. 10	Andover	7	Exeter	6

SOCCKER SCORES

Oct. 6	postponed		M. I. T. Freshmen	
Oct. 10	Andover	4	Tufts Freshmen	0
Oct. 13	Andover	1	Harvard Freshmen	0
Oct. 20	Andover	2	Worcester Academy	0
Oct. 27	Andover	5	Tabor Academy	1
Nov. 3	Andover	0	Dartmouth Freshmen	0
Nov. 7	Andover	2	Exeter	0



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JUNE

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MIRROR REFLECTIONS

The story is legendary among the bell-hops of the Waldorf-Astoria concerning the young man, who, after an evening of elbow-tilting, found himself somewhat inebriated. Being of good breeding, he wished to remedy his rather jubilant, but nevertheless embarrassing, condition. He resorted to the usual procedure—a bromo and a shower. It was while showering that he decided to kill two birds with one stone and cleanse his body thoroughly. Seizing the cake of soap, he began to rub himself vigorously; but, although he rubbed until his body took on the delightful color of a red tomato, nevertheless the cake refused to lather. Obviously perplexed, he chose the only logical solution—he rang for the bell-boy, who kindly came to his rescue and removed the wrapper from the soap.

* * * * *

We were strolling up Boylston Street one morning considering how lucky we were to be able to enjoy all the pleasures the Hub City had to offer, when an old gentleman stopped us to expound the usual tale of woe. Being filled with that certain vigor and vim Boston offers one, we condescended to listen. It seems our friend had once been a stockbroker (one of those people who are interested in watching that funny yellow tape with a bunch of hieroglyphics on it pop out of a little black machine). Well, everything had gone smoothly for a while—he was very charitable and had always given his five hundred a year to the Junior League. Then he became interested in Liggett and Myers. He bought a flock of their stock “back when,” and then away went his profit, margin, and shirt. “Now I’m trying to get along as best I can until things pick up,” he mourned. Deeply grieved to think he had lost money in Liggett and Myers, we gave him

a quarter. After thanking us profusely, he went on his way. Still having some of that Boston vigor, we followed, just in time to see our new friend enter a cigar store, slap the quarter on the counter, and say without a trace of bitterness, "Two Chesterfields, please." Are ya listnen', Liggett and Myers?

* * * * *

A friend of ours had taken us to lunch at that famous club in Chicago just off Michigan Avenue. As we were coming out, all swelled up with our own importance, a capitalist (now found mostly wandering around the financial districts of large cities) was making his way down the steps. He was dressed in a massive raccoon coat, and had a derby perched on the back of his head. Walking toward LaSalle Street, he happened to look back and notice a seedy individual, obviously a mendicant, dogging his tracks. The financier started walking faster and faster, but still the other followed. Finally, exhausted by this over-exercise, our friend decided to change his tactics. Stopping suddenly, he wheeled around and faced his astounded opponent. "Can ya spare a dime?" panted the raccoon coat.

THE EDITORS



PRE-EXAMINITIS

A Clinical Study

“GOOD morning, Miss Beach. My, my, but we have a busy day before us. Besides the usual run of cases that are to be expected at this time of winter, I want to finish dictating that article for the *Massachusetts Medical Monthly*. The Ferris case, you know. . . . I am glad to hear that, very glad indeed. If there were no new infirmary cases overnight, I think I may safely attribute the fact to our program of winter hygiene. Ahem! Why, if I didn’t give the boys little talks on how to take care of themselves, I hesitate. . . . Yes, I guess I will begin dictating now. Let me see, where did I leave off last time? You had better read me over the last paragraph. . . . Is that all there is? Dear me! . . . Are you sure it was six weeks ago? I thought I dictated some week before last? . . . Well, ummm, ‘Description, colon, the patient when under observation was a male, aged’ . . . How old was he, Miss Beach? . . . The Ferris boy, you know, number 756. . . . Oh, that’s right, you were away when I examined him. . . . But where are my notes on the case? You didn’t transcribe them? . . . No, I didn’t think so. Where could they be? . . . This desk is a little mussed up, isn’t it? . . . Yes, I know, I appreciate your offer, but I’ll clean it out myself some day. . . . Well, when I’m not so busy. . . . Oh, look! Here is my first stethoscope. I don’t believe I’ve come across this for years. Let me show it to you; I had it when I was an interne. . . . Oh, I didn’t realize you had seen it before. . . . Why, that’s so! I didn’t realize you had been here so many years. We’re growing old together. . . . I beg your pardon, Miss Beach, of course you don’t show it! . . . Ahem! Oh, yes, I was looking for my notes on the Ferris case,

wasn't I? . . . I thought I would call it 'Pre-examinitis,' for the time being. I can't think of a better one. . . . No, I don't mind your asking. You see, he was taken ill just before examinations. Dear me, *this* is a mess. I think I'll throw it away; I don't see any sense in keeping so much scrap paper, do you? . . . Well, well, so they are! How did I ever come to write them on such scraps of paper? . . . I don't know, but I suppose I didn't think I needed a notebook. . . I will, next time. I guess we can go ahead. Ahem! Where were we? . . That's right, seventeen years, three months; height, five feet, eleven inches; weight, one hundred fifty-five pounds. Complexion pale, eyes heavily ringed, yellow-stained fingers. Symptoms, colon, on first observation the pulse was' . . . Oh, that telephone! . . . Thank you. . . . Yes, good morning, Dean! Feeling better? . . . That's good. I'm the same, thank you. . . . Oh, Dean, is that so? . . . How could they? . . . Half the class? . . . Dean, are you serious? . . . I'm sorry, but are you sure? . . . Oh my! What the parents will say! . . . Who? . . . Now? . . . I'll put him in a room by himself to prevent any propaganda. . . . I didn't realize the food was as bad as *that*! . . . But what can I do about it? I can't feed fifty boys through the neck just because they choose to starve themselves of good, wholesome food. . . . Why, thank you, Dean, but my wife likes to have me home for meals. . . . I'll do what I can. . . . Goodbye. Miss Beach, take a memorandum: 'See the manager of the dining halls at three-thirty.' . . . Yes, I'll dictate some more now. Let me see, where was I? . . . Thank you. 'somewhat hurried; respiration, same. The tongue was coated. The temperature was 97 4-5. The chest' . . . Come in! Good morning. What's your name, son? I'll ring for you, Miss Beach. . . . Really? I remember your father well. Are you a great baseball player, too? . . . Yes, indeed. Chess is a very fine game. Ahem! I should say you had quite a head cold. . . . Oh, you did? I'll see what I can do for you. Sit down, here, and let me have a look at that tongue. Say, 'Ah,' again, again. Ummm, seems normal. . . . Oh, you do? . . . Even when your eyes are open? . . . This is a

very inconvenient time, I should think, for you to have to miss classes. It's only three days until the rating, you know. Have you any other symptoms? . . . Since you feel that way, you had better go to the infirmary and stay overnight anyway. We won't take any chances. . . . You're welcome. Goodbye. . . . Yes, Miss Beach, come in. . . . It was the Palmer boy. He has a bad head cold and he sees things. . . . Oh, I don't think so, he looks so honest and his constitution isn't very strong. . . . That's true, and I *did* forget to look up his nose. . . . Well, I'll ask him some questions tomorrow. Ahem! I was dictating, wasn't I? . . . Dear me, so it is. How time does fly! Please be back on time. We're going to have a busy afternoon. I want to finish off that case history."



THE SAMURAI

A Young Boy's Sacrifice For His Father

SABURO was scarcely ten when his father was called to war under the banner of his *daimyo*. In the days of excitement which followed while the retainers prepared to take to the field, the lad took little part; but, as a special favor, his father allowed him to come to the final council which was held in the great meeting room. It was an inspiring sight to see that large hall, with its exquisitely painted walls, filled with soldiers in shining armour, and his father sitting on a raised platform, giving commands with such a noble bearing. Saburo was proud of his father and hoped to become some day as great as he. Yet he realized the hardships of the life of a *samurai* and gritted his teeth to muster up courage as he thought about it.

Parental caresses had ceased for Saburo at a very early age, and all his tendencies to be affectionate or childish were checked by this simple rebuke—do you wish to grow up like a woman. But after the day when his father took him before the great *daimyo* and presented him with his first pair of trousers, his training began in earnest, and the *samurai's* code became his guide in life. Foremost in life, he learned, was loyalty—loyalty to his lord, to his father, and to the code of honor. It was a loyalty which is hard for us to understand, for disregard of it meant death. After this, self-control was the greatest requisite. A soldier must live and die, sword in hand, and his life was filled with hardships and sights of horror. The lad was taught to endure suffering and to take everything impassively. All pleasures were denied him, and comforts for the most part he never saw. He was even taken to public execu-

tions, so that he might become inured to the sight of blood. Above all, he was told that his own life was a matter of little consequence, and that he should be ready to give it up when the time came.

Saburo was also trained in body, and his days were taken up with instruction in fencing, archery, and wrestling. Not only did he learn the art of swordsmanship, but his young muscles were developed to respond to any command. He was taught to accomplish the most with the least amount of effort, to defend himself when caught without arms, and even to inflict mortal punishment with his bare hands. His body was toughened to much suffering. Fire to warm himself with he never had, but instead, in the winter when his feet became frozen, he was told to run about in the snow to restore the circulation.

Such were the hardships of the *samurai's* early life; yet Saburo's only regret, as he watched his father march off, was that he could not follow him and endure the even greater hardships of battle. "Our side will surely win," he thought, "for it is led by a great general." But he was wrong; his father was defeated in battle, and the enemy were soon pressing at the very gates of his house. Saburo did not remember very clearly the battle which followed. He heard the whirr and hissing of arrows, the tramping and shouting of men, the crashing of steel upon helmets, and the terrible groans and confusion which followed. Then all was over, and he found himself in the hands of the enemy. He was roughly led into the great hall, the same one in which his father had held his council of war. But all was changed now, because the enemy were gathered there. He was thrust before their general who glowered at him from under his helmet; yet he was not afraid and stood up straight, looking him in the face. A head just cut off in battle was brought in and placed before the general, who pointed to it and said, "Is that your father's head?" Saburo could tell at a glance that it was not, but in order to save his father he saw that he must make the general believe that he had been killed in battle. Yet no ordinary deception would suffice; in time of war men do not take chances. The lad did not say a word, but, bowing before the head with every sign of sorrow, he quickly drew out his sword and committed suicide. The general nodded his head; there could be no doubt about it; they had killed their enemy.

JUNE GERMAN

Country "Folks" in a Modern Style

BY JAMES C. CAUSEY

WHEN Joe come up to the door and knocked Ethel's old man came out and sat down with him on the porch. Fine evenin' he said and blew his nose real hard. Oh yes spring's here for good said Joe lookin' a little uneasy till the old man said Oh Ethel said she'd be out directly.

Joe looked up at the paint peelin' off the side of the house and said to himself Gosh I'll never 'low my house to look like that when I'm married. He looked at the old man sort of disgusted-like for a minute till Ethel come out. Oh hello Joe she said smilin' at him. Bring me one of them pillows from the hammock Ethel growled the old man blowin' his nose again. Ethel got it and put it behind his head. Then Joe said Reckon we'd better be gettin' along Mr. Fox We want to be there at the beginnin'. Well young people has to enjoy themselves I reckon said the old man. Joe sort of fidgeted and ran a finger around the linin' of his hat. Good-night Pa said Ethel I won't be very late. Take care of my daughter Joe She's the only one I've got called the old man. Don't worry Mr. Fox hollered Joe and helped Ethel into the car.

As soon as they got goin' Ethel began to talk. That redheaded Lewis boy come by tonight before supper and said they was havin' five niggers from over in King County to play tonight she said. Oh gee said Joe. I thought at first you wasn't goin' to ask me to go with you till you come by yestervay evenin' and told Pa to tell me said Ethel. You know I wouldn't ask anyone else don't you honey? murmured Joe. Ethel pressed up against him a little and said Not even Ann Tern? Who that dizzv gal? Joe hollered You think I'm crazy I reckon. Then Ethel said Most of the boys think she's right pretty. Not this boy said Joe You're the only gal in the county I'd carry to this shindig. Oh Joe you're sweet said Ethel and kissed him on the cheek.

After a while they got to the dance hall and parked the car and

went over towards the Japanese lanterns. Oh look Joe squealed Ethel pullin' his sleeve There's George and Alice. They went over and said Evenin' folks. Alice said Ain't those lanterns pretty? and Ethel said Yes mighty pretty.

Then the gals said There goes the music so they all went on in. Those boys sure have got it said George pattiin' his foot on the floor in time to the music. Sure have said Joe Come from over in King so Tim Lewis claimed. Yeah said George I heard that too. The gals were rarin' to get goin' so Joe took Ethel in his arms and danced on off. Ethel closed her eyes and said Joe ask them to play somethin' fast in a while like Maple Leaf Rag and Joe said All right honey.

Things got goin' real quick because a heap more people come on in along about then. Joe began to sweat and the black dye come off Ethel's dress onto his shirt. Oh look Joe I've got your shirt all black cried Ethel. I don't care said Joe holdin' her tighter.

Two 'clock come around right quick. Everyone looked sloppy but they was all feelin' good. Gee whispered Ethel them boys are plenty hot. Then the band played Home Sweet Home and after that everyone clapped and clapped so it encored on Tiger Rag while everyone jumped up and down and hollered. When that was over the crowd yelled and clapped some more but the niggers was tired and began to put their instruments away so everyone left.

Joe drove his old man's car real fast down the highway for a little piece and didn't say much of anythin' to Ethel till he turned off on the clay road she lived on. Then he said Certainly cools you off to go fast and Ethel said Yes it sure do. Joe put his arm around Ethel and she put her head on his shoulder. The wind blew her hair in his eyes so he slowed down. When he got to her house he stopped and turned off the headlights and after a while Ethel looked up at him and then he kissed her for a long time.

Finally Ethel said I reckon I better go in now so they got out of the car and went around to the kitchen door. A little pig was lavin' by the door and Joe nearly stepped on it. Ethel said Damn little pig and kissed Joe good-night and went in and closed the door quick so it wouldn't squeak.

After she'd left him Joe went back around front. When he got in the car he took off his coat and tie and drove off down the road without turnin' on the headlights till he came to the highway.

RAIN

A La Esquire

THE evening made him feel lonely. Outside his window he could see the streets damp with rain and hear the noise of the taxis as they skidded over the pavement. From the harbor came the grey fog, swirling, covering the city with its blanket, and bringing with it the smell of the open sea and the sound of the fog horns on the river.

It had been a hard day. The city is naturally cruel, but it is even more cruel to those who have no jobs. All day long he had wandered from office to store and from store to office, looking for work. And it had not only been today but every day for the past three months. His small resources were giving out. Even Mrs. Mulligan, kind-hearted and ready to listen to a man's troubles, could not keep a boarder indefinitely without being paid. They said the trouble was with Roosevelt. They said the trouble was with Wall Street. They said . . . They said . . . But it really didn't make much difference what they said. Talking didn't seem to improve things much. All he wanted was a job, and a home to come back to when the day's work was over, his own rooms, and his own wife cooking food that he had bought.

He didn't like the city anyway, but it was even worse tonight. He could see the people going to the movies with each other, and at times a man passed under his window, dressed in evening clothes, carrying a cane, with a long black coat and a white scarf around his neck. He didn't know anybody. That was one of the things that made it so bad. If there were only some one he could talk to, some one to go out with. There was a swell show down at the Rialto, but

it wasn't much fun alone, and besides he ought to save the money. There was the girl at the cafeteria, but she didn't know him. Some day, he swore, he would meet her. She looked nice, and he liked the way that she talked with the patrons. He wished she would talk to him like that some time. But she never did. Just the same it made him feel better to go down there and watch her, watch her as she collected the dirty dishes, watch her as she filled the glasses with water. He had done that almost every evening now. Every evening he went down there for supper. The food was poor, but he didn't mind as long as she was working. She came on about seven, and it was almost time.

Slowly he put on his coat, descended the stairs. The street was even more dismal when you got out on to it. He passed a girl and a boy, completely lost in each other in spite of the rain. He turned the corner. How well he knew that corner! Every night he turned it. As soon as he got around it, he could see the sign of the cafeteria. Its blue shone out in the fog. Through the plate glass windows he could see the people inside. They were all eating and drinking. They didn't seem to notice the waitress. That fact alone made him feel badly. It was as though they didn't care, and it made him feel as though she too might want company. And yet he didn't have the courage to speak to her. Some day—but that day never came. He wanted to get a job first, so that he could afford to take her out as other fellows did with their girls. But he couldn't get a job until Roosevelt—until Wall Street. . . . He wasn't sure what they were supposed to do, but he wished they would do it and hurry up about it. The weather too was against him. He hated the rain. It wasn't like the country where you knew it was helping things grow. Here in the city it only made life uncomfortable and people curse. The water trickled in through the hole in the bottom of his shoe. He wanted to go in and at the same time he didn't. It might make him only more lonely this evening to have her near him and yet to be able to say nothing. Just to sit there and watch her like a dumb

dog. To watch her and then get up and pay his bill with money that he needed badly. He wasn't hungry this evening either. And when he wasn't hungry, he really shouldn't eat. It was a good way to save money. So he stayed outside and looked at her.

Nobody paid any attention to him, not even the policeman on the beat; and the cops usually had an eye for everyone, especially if they were poor and looked as though they should be told to move on. That was what the rain did. It made everyone lazy. It made them feel as though nothing worthwhile mattered. The girl in the cafeteria was putting the empty dishes on the tray. Soon she would be taking them to the back. When she did so, she would be gone for a few minutes. He felt as though the management were to blame for this. He always felt as though he were being robbed of his money. Surely the owner ought to know that all he came there for was to look at the girl, and it didn't seem fair that she should be gone part of the time. He waited. The rain still came down. The girl had only one more table to go to. She cleared that, and with her tray loaded, started for the back. In a second she had passed into the kitchen. To the man outside that seemed to be a sign, a sign of the futility of waiting. With a sigh he turned on his heel. The fog was swirling around him, smothering the sound of his footsteps on the pavement as he headed back to his boarding house. The noises of the city came up and around him. It was still raining.

PATROL

A Romantic Novel in Three Acts

BY JAMES C. CAUSEY

"CALLING all cars! Calling all cars!" came the call from the police car's vermilion hued radio. "Number 39, go to Adams Square! Number 39, go to Adams Square! Two men are unlawfully spitting there!"

"Omigosh!" ejaculated Bryan Vortichello, new to the ranks. "That's us," he added, lewdly raising an eyebrow to pokerfaced Angus Sebiterchoff sitting beside him, who was cleaning his fingernails with the key to his handcuffs.

Sebiterchoff nonchalantly ignited a long Cuban cigar, which drooped languorously between his lips. "Let 'em wait," he drawled in his southern accent.

Ten minutes later these two instruments of justice were on their way. As they tore through a stop light they struck several people. "Some fun!" chortled Sebiterchoff (his friends called him Sebie) as he watched the twitching corpses fly through the air on either side.

Presently they were back at the same garbage can from which they had started. Sebie meticulously flicked the long ash of his cigar into that receptacle as the vehicle came to a screeching halt.

"Lost again, dammit!" Bryan said, brusquely. "Hop out and ask the way to Adams Square, palsie-walsie." (Some of Sebie's friends called him "palsie-walsie.")

Sebie crashed through the bullet proof glass in his haste to make an exit. He doffed his cap to the first passer-by, an ex-chorus girl who had a slight limp.

"Oh, hello," he lisped, surrendering his sword. The girl's eyes fell before his piercing gaze.

"Hi," she whispered. The color rose to her cheeks, then to her eyes, to her hair, and finally passed into space with a terrific detonation.

"I wonder if you can direct my friend and myself to Adams Square? You see," he added proudly, "we're a couple of Harvard graduates."

At this the girl fled.

Sebie thoughtfully refilled the gasoline tank and took his place beside Bryan. Suddenly he burst into tears.

"There, dear," cajoled Bryan, whose maternal instincts were aroused. "Blow hard, mudder's iddle baby boy," he went on, proferring his shirt tail.

"Oh jeeze! Tanks gobs." Sebie caught the last tear in his Roman tear jug. "I save them," he revealed, wickedly.

"Let's go in there, you and me," said Bryan suddenly, pointing with the index finger of his left hand to a gaudy, gilt sign which read as follows:

IKE'S ANTIQUE EMPORIUM

The two inseparables raced through the revolving door. "I win!" shouted Sebie, leaping triumphantly onto the counter. All at once he was all seriousness. "What do you think the chief would say—if he were to see us?" This last in an undertone.

"N'importe," replied Bryan, breaking off into Norwegian as he did when aroused. "Why that old fossil, he's gone to Memphis for the fiddle contest."

"Then we can do as we wish," cried Sebie. He threw an immense Governor Morris chair through the plate glass window.

An armadillo scratched itself in the back of the store as the two friends embraced each other with fervor.

YOMIT SERTSIM

With apologies to Pope

BY A. MORGAN GARDENER

The Chamberlady at the door appears;
To work she bends, to men her eyes she rears.
Two eyes, a nose, a wig of reddish hairs,
A mouth, a pair of ears, all these she bears.
From hooks and shelves and drawers she takes her gear;
These tools she loves: they will adorn her bier.
She starts her job and to these thoughts gives voice,
Of snobs she singles out her special choice.
"You boys, you demons, to your slave give ear,
O, Numbers Four and Thirteen, you must hear."
"Enough of sand and sticky, clinging clay;
No, not in March, the mud here dries in May.
List, those who do the cleaning mat not spy,
Like Black Lynchee in greatest pain you'll die."
At once she starts again the losing fight,
And chases specks of dirt with all her might.
The Fays of Cleanliness assist her broom;
They help her as she sweeps from room to room.
The tiny Elves on separate broom-straws rise
To count each piled-up germ a worthwhile prize.
The morning flown, she straightens from her task;
All's clean and neat, naught better can she ask.
She starts, and stops, to see in dark amaze
A mudprint made by Dimwit deep in Daze.

“Come, you who to your baser self gave in,
I must insist you expiate your sin.
Come out, you soulless, selfish Number Four,
I’ve seen your footprints in this place before.”
For arms she bears her ever mighty Keys,
With these she forces him to bend his knees.
“Ow! Mercy, mercy,” cries he from the floor,
“This thoughtlessness I will repeat no more.”
No mercy finds she in her hardened heart;
So in a breath she makes his soul depart.
With high held head of Chore completed well,
She re-descends, her thoughts on him in Hell.
She steps, she stops, she sees, she screams, she slumps;
From step to step Diana’s carcass bumps.
The Print, the damnèd Spot, is there no more!
Mayhap some speedy Sylph has cleaned the floor.
The Print in Heaven is assigned a place,
And bright it shines in high celestial space.
Hear! Dirt is now the strength of this, Her fame,
And Dirt will ’mid the stars inscribe Her name.

HOW TO WRITE AN ENGLISH THEME

Advice to English Students

BY ROBERT R. COTTEN

THERE have been volumes—carloads of volumes—of books trying, in a more or less successful manner, to instruct the embryonic literateur in the art of writing. I am the last one to disparage these optimistic *opera*, but they are lacking in one respect. This requisite is hard to define, but I may make myself more clear if I say it is written from the giving end of an assignment to be assimilated at the receiving end. We are workers with our own unique problem, we members of classes told to write a theme. We are, for the one thousand and sixty-seventh time, again face to face with the schoolboy's curse, the bull-thrower's bugaboo, What Am I Going to Write About? We turn hopefully to our instruction book...but no, it is devoted to the elucidation of the compound sentence and the hanging participle. A dauntless few have lurking in their hindmost pages a hopeful list of possible titles. This is a step in the right direction, but it is too weak in its undeveloped stage. It is a department of the book entirely too small in proportion to the importance of its content. So, philosophically resigning ourselves to the cruelty of fate and the forgetfulness of textbook compilers, we turn with a sigh to our inner selves for the solution of our preliminary giant problem. It is now that our technique is employed.

First, take out your typewriter or pen, place it on your desk,

draw off three paces, draw yourself to an erect position, and sneer at it. If it is quite tough, throw it across the room and let it bounce. This process is necessary for its complete subjugation. The typewriter or pen, or weapon as I shall call it, must be completely humble and subdued. Too often, before I adopted this preliminary step, I have had my typewriter sit there, insolently staring into my face and all but daring me to punch its keyboard. You mustn't have such mutiny in the ranks. It must not bear the slightest resemblance to a challenge to inspiration, but must be a wieldy tool in your hands. A theme subject is a shy creature, and can be wheedled into existence only with the most inviting appearance of everything concerned. The weapon once thoroughly subdued and reduced to an amenable state, we may go on to the second step.

This step is quite short, but it is indispensable. Clutch a piece of paper and write furiously for five minutes about the first thing that pops into your head. Then take the paper and carefully tear it in very small pieces and then place said fragments into the nearest wastebasket. People who believe in the axiom that the third time never fails do this twice.

The third step is optional, but frequently found. Pace up and down the room in a Napoleonic manner. If you haven't got your coat on so you can place your hand where Napoleon placed his, run your hand through your hair. If you have a "crew" haircut, forget this step.

Now get a good night's sleep.

You have now come to the last, final, and most effective step. When you get up, go to breakfast and begin to worry. When you get to the point at which there is a delirious gleam in your eye, someone will ask you what the matter is. Moan twice and tell him. If he is possessed of a heart, if he is a true son of Andover, if he has an atom of the spark that motivates civilization, he will lend a suggestion or an old theme of his own. From that point on the progress depends upon the individual. This system has been in use many years, and produced more varied marks than seems possible under such a rigid set of rules, but if it fails the first time, you need have no fear that you will lack opportunity in the future to test it again for its true worth, for themes are like cats on a highway. No matter how many you pass, there are always more ahead.

JOHN O'CASEY

A Prizefighter's Thoughts

THERE are two parts to New York. One of them is in the direction of Fifth Avenue, and the other lies between Third and the river. To the first belong the debutantes and the bankers and all those who are either rich or pretend to be. In the other live the poor people, those who buy their food from the open markets, who cause the riots and the strikes, and who also build the skyscrapers and make the greatness of the city possible.

John O'Casey belonged to this second part. Sometimes in his day dreams he thought how nice it would be to live in a large apartment and have a chauffeur to drive him around, to be able to give up fighting and live like a gentleman. Yet it was doubtful if he ever could have been happy like that. For one thing he would no longer have been able to sit on the steps and watch the people walk by, and that was one of the things that he liked to do best of all. Tonight there were quite a few of them gathered out in front. There was Richards, the newspaper man who claimed that he had been through college and who could never hold a job because of his drinking. There was Tony, who drove a taxi and swore at the government on every occasion. Stevens was there, thinking about his hardware store; and Mrs. Stevens, who, they said, was having an affair with Richards. Twice she had been seen in his company without Mr. Stevens's knowledge, and they always seemed to meet in the hall when no one else was there. But tonight it was John who was the center of conversation, for John was a prizefighter, not a great one yet, but the Irish have a way of climbing high in the pugilistic world; and John was fighting tomorrow at this same time.

He had fought many times before. There had been the battle with Wildeat Thompson, which John had won in two rounds by a knockout. There had been the fight with Simons, which even some of the big papers had noticed, calling O'Casey one of the best of the preliminary fighters. But all this had been small stuff, and he had had to keep his job at the docks to make enough money to live on. But the fight tomorrow was different. If he won it, there was a chance that they would give him something big. He had to win it. There was his family back in Ireland, and he wanted to be able to write them and tell them that he was becoming famous; and above all, there was his Uncle John, for whom he had been named, who had first taught him how to carry his hands and how to deliver that right which had brought him thus far. He wanted to be able to write Uncle John and say to him, "I won a big fight last night. They are going to take me out of the preliminaries." But all that rested on tomorrow evening.

As he sat there he wondered if Stein was going to rely on his hook as much as usual. If he did, John felt that he could win, because he had been practicing hooks for two months now and could stop almost any of them. But the trouble with fighting was that a man might change his tactics at the last moment. A change in tactics could easily lead to disaster for an unskilled opponent. That was why the rest of them were paying attention to him that night.

They realized what was at stake; and feeling that he was one of them, they were hoping for the best. Even Richards, who usually acted superior, dropped his haughty manner and was becoming just a bit more sociable. Mr. Stevens had forgotten the store and was offering words of encouragement. They were all telling him he was sure to win, and yet he didn't feel too confident. Stein was a good man; and he had hardly ever been beaten, at least by a preliminary fighter.

O'Casey looked at the people around him, sitting on their newspapers which were spread over the steps. What a nice bunch

they were! It was swell of them to take an interest. He wondered if they knew how much it meant to have somebody that cared. Yet they must, for were they not almost the same? Their jobs were different to be sure, but they were all poor; and even Stevens, whose store made lots of money, was not too far from hunger.

It was getting late now. Although it was summer, the sun was setting. The children in the streets were beginning to stop their ball-playing and to wander home to their families, those of them who had families to go to. This was the time of day that he liked best of all in Ireland, when the men were returning from work and the cattle were settling down for their night's rest, and the haze hung low over the green mountains. Even in New York it was nice. The people became more friendly then. They seemed to forget their differences, and the weather was cooler, which helped a lot. But it was getting late. He ought to go to bed early, so that he would be fresh the next day. You had to be fresh, so that you could stand the grind of giving and taking, so that your feet didn't get tired, and so that you could hold your arms up ready to hit.

He stood up. "Going to bed?" the others asked. He nodded, and then turned to go inside. He had to win that fight tomorrow. It would mean such a lot. And the others sensed it too, for as he passed from sight, they all wished him good luck—even Richards.

EMOTION

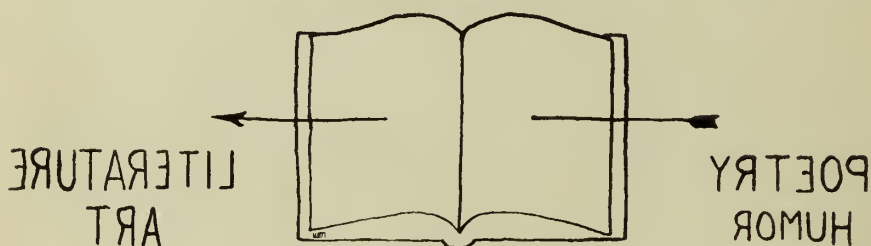
BY ALLEN P. HARVEY, JR.

The anguish that welled in my heart
Brought tears to my feverish eyes,
And I longed to ease my spirit with Nature's soothing tide.
Yet I could not calm my heart with weeping,
For pride, still strong in my bosom, forbade a recourse to tears,
And each drop on my burning cheek was like blood from my
 wounded pride.
So I fought with the torrent that roared in my heart,
Till I checked the great flood—till it trickled and stopped.

But I could not master my quivering lip,
Nor my faltering voice and wavering look.
The beat of my heart shook my words as I spoke
And my hollow voice broken, seemed lost—without reason.
Thus many years I felt I had suffered,
Though it really was only a matter of hours.
Still my sad heart bled for respite with weeping,
And still my pride did fight off its plea.

Then everyone left me and I was alone.
There was no one to see—nor to hear—nor to know
How I was weak in my grief and bereft of control.
So then I eased my pain and my sorrow
And quenched the fire that flamed in my marrow,
With a healing balm of wise Nature's design,
With a turbulent torrent that soothed as it grew,
With a fathomless fountain which sprang from my soul.

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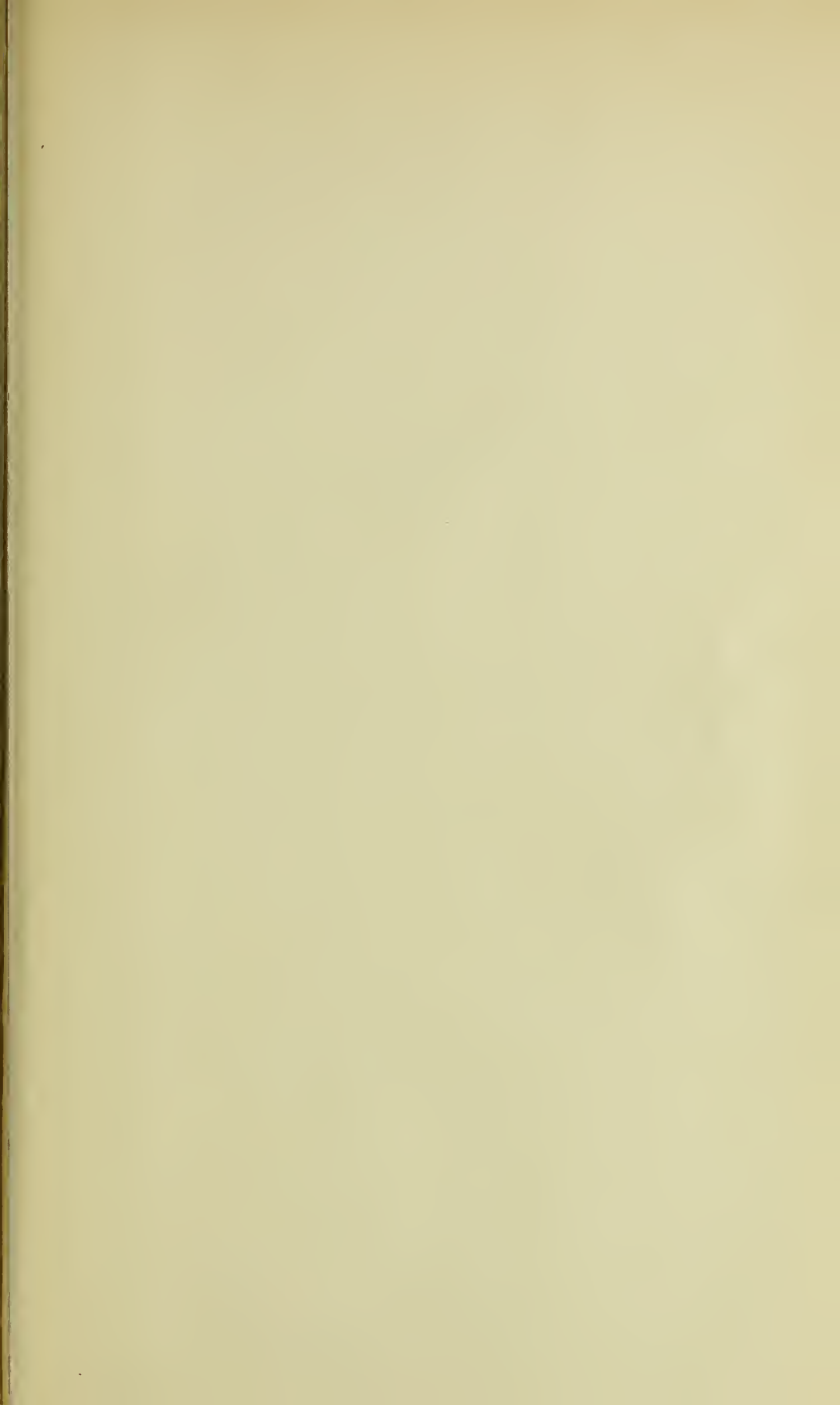
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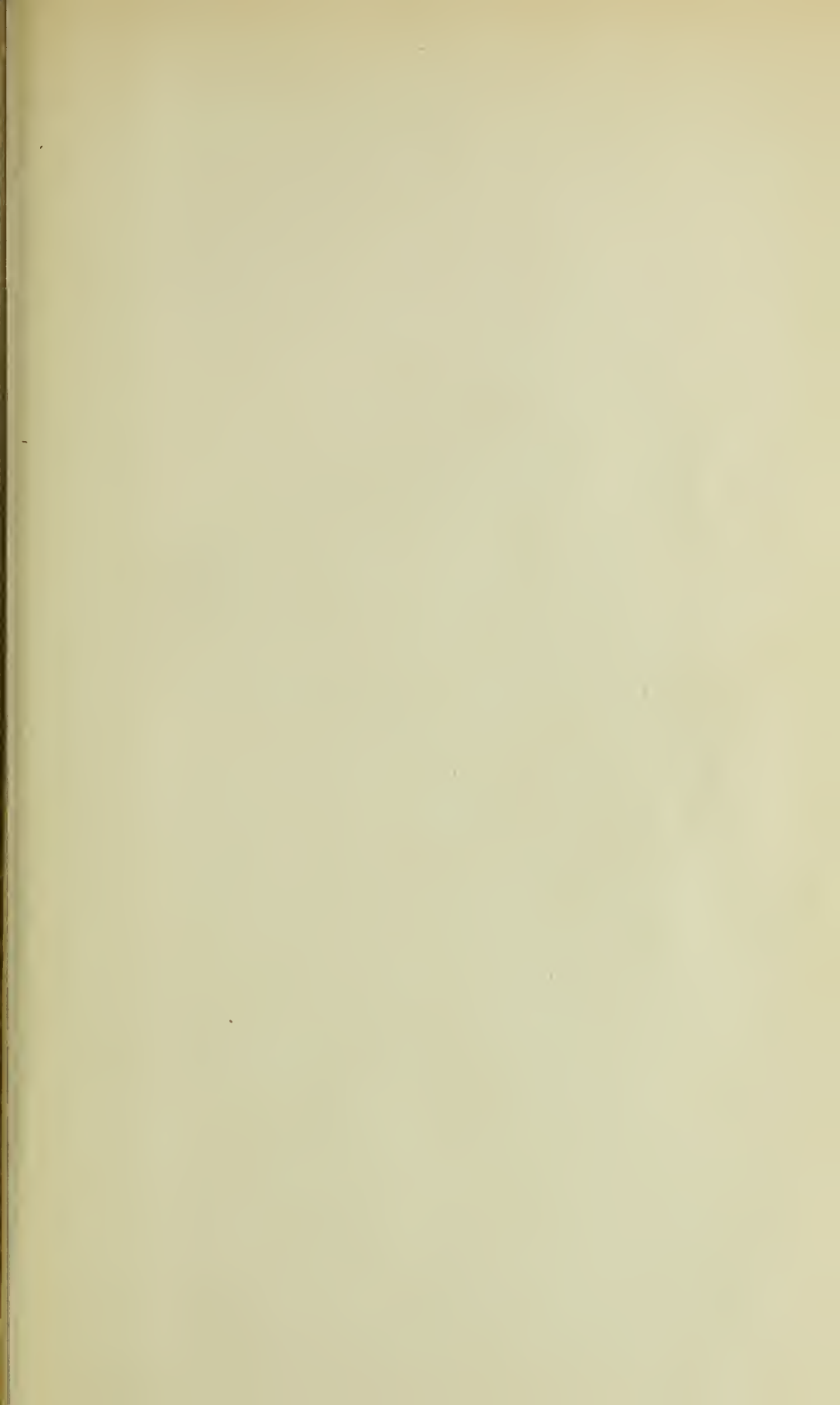
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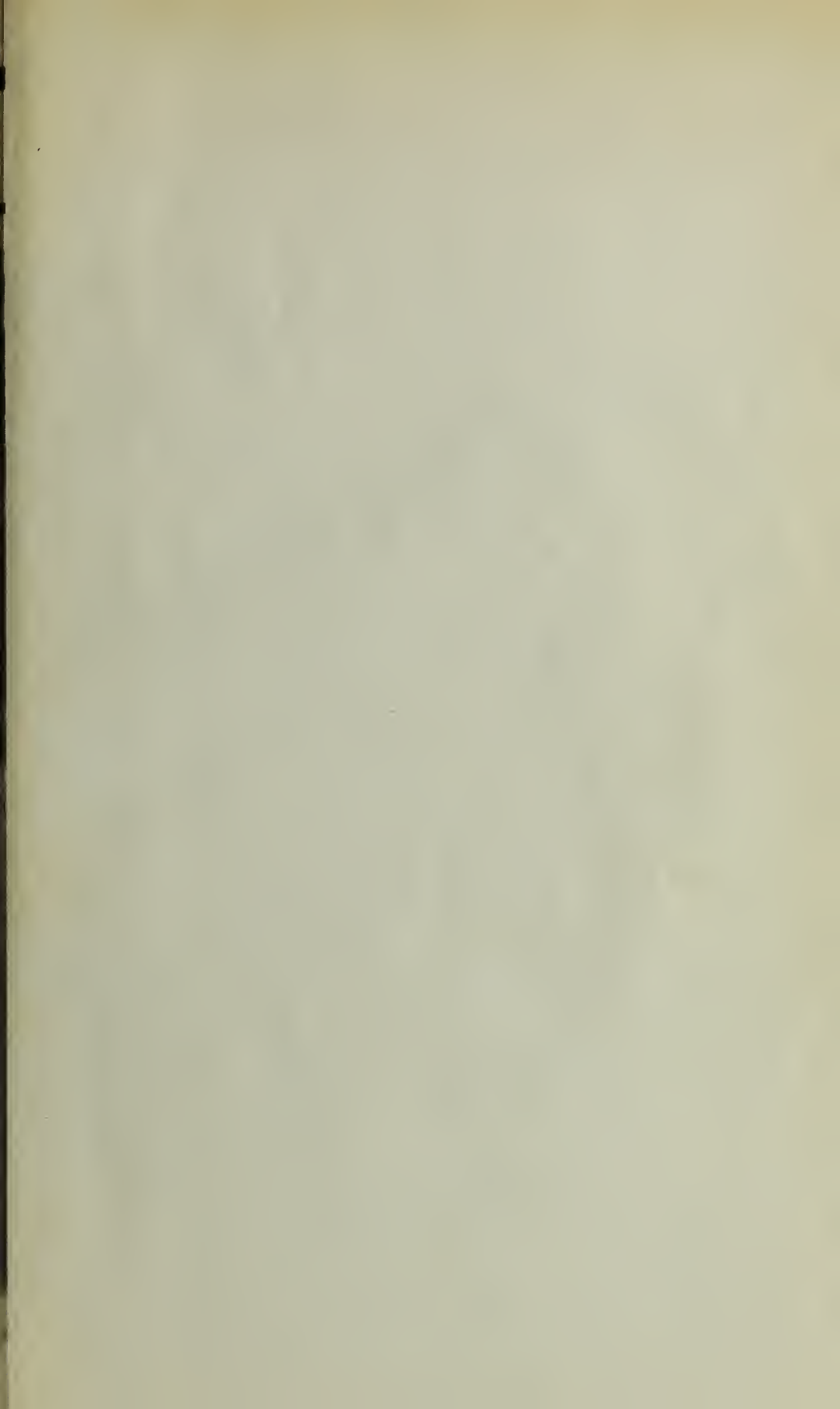


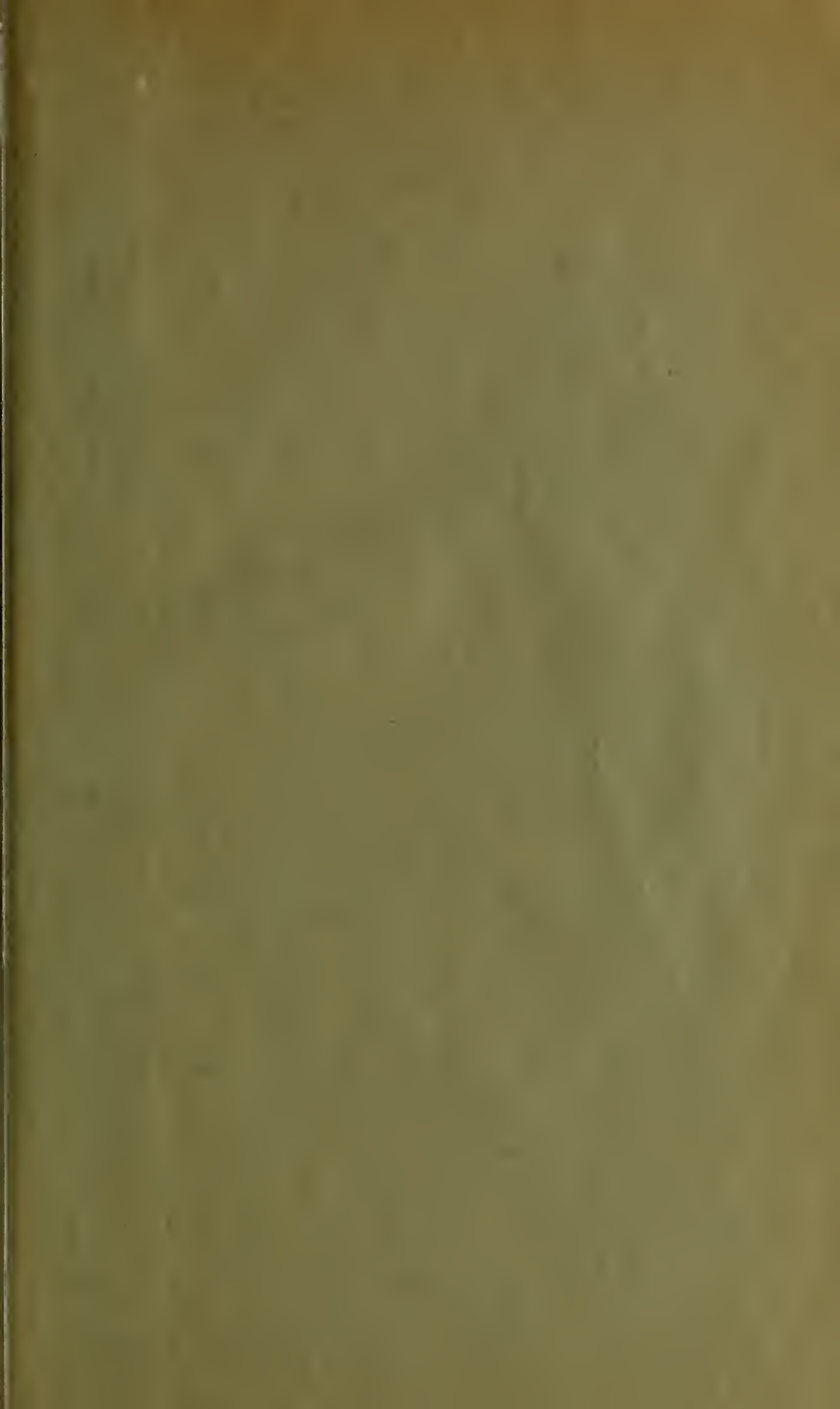
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